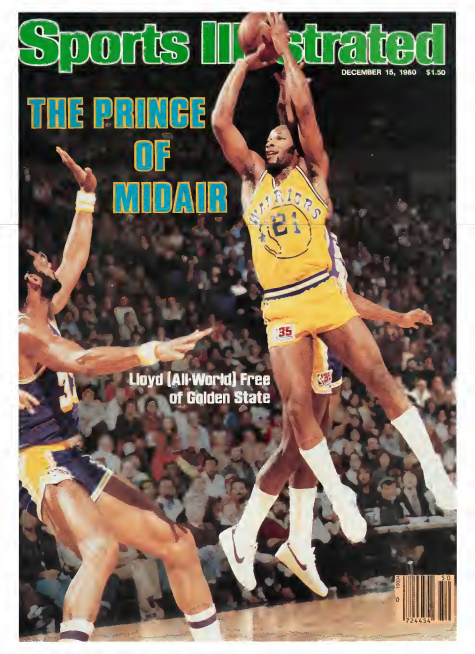


Sports Illustrated



DECEMBER 15, 1980 \$1.50

THE PRINCE OF MIDAIR

Lloyd [All-World] Free
of Golden State





DODGE ARIES-K WAGON

\$6,721*

40 24*

EST. HGV. EPA EST. MPG.



DODGE ARIES-K SEDAN

\$5,980*

41 25*

EST. HGV. EPA EST. MPG.



DODGE ARIES-K COUPE

\$5,880*

41 25*

EST. HGV. EPA EST. MPG.



DODGE O24 HATCHBACK

\$6,149*

41 27*

EST. HGV. EPA EST. MPG.



DODGE OMNI MISER

\$5,299*

50 30*

EST. HGV. EPA EST. MPG.



DODGE COLT HATCHBACK

\$4,988*

50 37*

EST. HGV. EPA EST. MPG.

DODGE O24 HATCHBACK

America's highest-mileage front-wheel-drive sports coupe.

\$6,149[†]

41 27[‡]

EST. HAW EPA-EST. MPG



DODGE OMNI MISER

Highest highway gasoline mileage ever achieved by any American front-wheel-drive car.

\$5,299[†]

50 30[‡]

EST. HAW EPA-EST. MPG



DODGE COLT HATCHBACK

America's highest-mileage front-wheel-drive 5-passenger car.

\$4,988[†]

50 37[‡]

EST. HAW EPA-EST. MPG



DODGE ARIES-K WAGON
America's highest-mileage front-wheel-drive 6-passenger wagon.

\$6,721*

40 24*

EST. HWY. 47% EST. MPG.



DODGE ARIES-K SEDAN
America's highest-mileage front-wheel-drive 6-passenger sedan.

\$5,980*

41 25*

EST. HWY. 47% EST. MPG.



DODGE ARIES-K COUPE
America's highest-mileage front-wheel-drive 6-passenger coupe.

\$5,880*

41 25*

EST. HWY. 47% EST. MPG.



	EST MPG	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
DODGE ARIES-K CUSTOM WAGON	40	24	6	Front	\$8,721
Oldsmobile Cutlass Wagon	30	21	6	Rear	\$7,417
Chevrolet Malibu Wagon	26	19	6	Rear	\$6,792
Pontiac LeMans Wagon	30	21	6	Rear	\$7,316
Toyota Corona Wagon	37	25	5	Rear	\$8,649
Datsun 800 Wagon	34	23	5	Rear	\$7,929

Dodge Aries-K Custom Wagon Standard Features: • Tires 4.2 2-ltr DFC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack and pinion steering • Power front disc and rear drum brakes • Completed air conditioning system • AM radio (may be deleted for extra) • 65 2-cu. ft. of cargo volume with rear seat down • Custom all-weather bench seats • Rubber floor • Woodgrain applique on rear wheel panel

	EST MPG	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
DODGE ARIES-K SEDAN	41	25	6	Front	\$6,448
Chevrolet Citation 4-Door Hatchback	35	22	5	Front	\$6,404
Ford Granada 4-Door Sedan	34	23	5/6	Rear	\$6,633
Black Skyline 4-Door Sedan	35	22	5	Front	\$6,561
Oldsmobile Cutlass 4-Door Sedan	27	17	6	Rear	\$6,955
Chevrolet Malibu 4-Door Sport Sedan	26	19	6	Rear	\$6,614

Dodge Aries-K Sedan Standard Features: • Tires 4.2 2-ltr DFC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack and pinion steering • Power front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transmission with overdrive • Color-keyed interior with vinyl cloth seating • Completed windshield wipers • Cloth-and-vinyl bench seats • Rubber floor • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST MPG	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
DODGE ARIES-K COUPE	41	25	6	Front	\$5,880
Chevrolet Citation 2-Door Hatchback	35	22	5	Front	\$6,270
Ford Fairmont 2-Door Sedan	34	23	5/6	Rear	\$6,032
Ford Granada 2-Door Sedan	34	23	5/6	Rear	\$6,474
Oldsmobile Omega 2-Door Coupe	35	22	5	Front	\$6,343
Black Skyline 2-Door Coupe	35	22	5	Front	\$6,405

Dodge Aries-K Coupe Standard Features: • Tires 4.2 2-ltr DFC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack and pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transmission with overdrive • Color-keyed interior with vinyl cloth seating • Completed windshield wipers • Cloth-and-vinyl bench seats • Rubber floor • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST MPG	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
DODGE 604 2-DOOR HATCHBACK	41	27	5	Front	\$6,149
Honda Prelude	36	22	4	Front	\$7,095
Datsun 200SX 2-Door Hatchback	38	25	4	Rear	\$7,189
Ford Mustang 2-Door Hatchback	34	23	4	Rear	\$6,468
Toyota Celica GT 2-Door Liftback	37	25	4	Rear	\$7,289
VW Scirocco 2-Door Hatchback	40	25	4	Front	\$8,495

Dodge 604 Standard Features: • 4-cylinder 1.7-ltr DFC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack and pinion steering • Power front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transmission • Antilock brakes • Rubber floor • Folding rear seat • Custom all-weather bucket seats • Sport steering wheel

	EST MPG	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
DODGE OMNI MISEN 4-DOOR LIFTBACK	50	30	5	Front	\$5,299
Ford Escort L 4-Door Liftback	42	27	4	Front	\$5,814
VW Rabbit L 4-Door Liftback	42	28	4	Rear	\$6,526
Datsun 510 4-Door Hatchback	41	26	4	Rear	\$6,609
Toyota Corolla Deluxe 4-Door Sedan	39	24	4	Rear	\$5,468
Chevrolet Chevette 4-Door Liftback	35	20	4	Rear	\$5,354

Dodge Omni Misen Standard Features: • 4-cylinder 1.7-ltr DFC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack and pinion steering • Power front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transmission • Rubber floor • Woodgrain steering column cover • Fold-down rear seat (liftback style) • All-weather bucket seats • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST MPG	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
DODGE COLT HATCHBACK	50	31	5	Front	\$4,588
Ford Escort 3-Door Hatchback	44	30	4	Front	\$5,158
Toyota Tercel Liftback	46	32	5	Front	\$5,058
Datsun 510 2-Door Hatchback	42	28	4	Front	\$5,189
Honda Accord	36	27	4	Front	\$6,449
Chevrolet Chevette 2-Door	39	30	4	Rear	\$5,255

Dodge Colt Hatchback Standard Features: • 1.8-ltr DFC MCA 2-ltr engine with hemispherical combustion chambers • Electronic engine • Rack and pinion steering • Power front disc brakes • 4-speed manual transmission • Steel-bolted radial wheel with 13" tire • Trip odometer, temperature and fuel gauges • 13-velocity bucket seats • Folding rear seat • 4-wheel and tire bumper guards

It's no mystery why Dodge sales are up and auto industry sales are down.

Dodge has more kinds of high-mileage*** front-wheel-drive cars than anyone else.**

Dodge has more of the lowest priced* front-wheel-drive cars than anyone else.**

*EPA EPA EST MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. †Call us for 1986 dealer prices. Comparison based on dealer price, excluding the difference in cost of standard equipment. Excludes charges, title and taxes only. **Call us for 1986 MSRP. MSRP varies by model and trim level. ***Based on EPA highway mileage of vehicles with 24 EPA EST MPG or higher. †\$4,721 or less.

Why has front-wheel-drive become the wave of the future?

Fuel-efficiency.

The new front-wheel-drive technology mounts the engine sideways over the front drive wheels for direct power.

Then it takes the bulky transmission, drive shaft and rear differential out of the way of the passenger compartment. And moves them all up front with the engine to form a single compact power train unit.

The gas tank can now be tucked safely in front of the rear axle and out of the way of the trunk.

This simple, space-efficient design

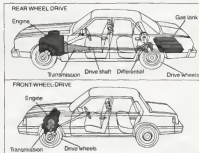
permits a roomy passenger and luggage compartment in a smaller high-mileage car.

That's not all. With the weight of engine and power train directly over the front drive wheels, you get better traction in snow, rain, and on slippery surfaces.

And because front-wheel-drive pulls a car rather than pushes it from behind, you get a

great sense of stability and precision around turns, through traffic and over uneven road surfaces.

But the bottom line is better fuel-efficiency without sacrifice of room.



Why Dodge front-wheel-drive?

Dodge advanced, state-of-the-art, front-wheel-drive technology is acknowledged throughout the industry. We've had the benefit of over 11 billion miles of owner experience with fuel-efficient front-wheel-drive cars in America. That's more than Ford or GM. More than Datsun or Toyota. And we're just warming up.

Dodge now has more different kinds of high-mileage front-wheel-drive cars than any other nameplate.**

Foreign or domestic.

Most of the cars we sell today are high-mileage front-wheel-drive.

The new Trans-4 engines, standard in most of our domestic front-wheel-drive cars, are specifically designed and engineered for front-wheel-drive. This not only makes them exceptionally fuel-efficient, it also makes them wonderfully easy to service because most things are up-front, on-top where you can easily reach them.

Dodge front-wheel-drive cars share

in our new mileage breakthrough—an advanced electronic fuel-control system that continuously monitors and adjusts engine timing and air/fuel ratio for optimum efficiency. Result: Dodge is the mileage leader in more classes than any other nameplate.** American or import.

Dodge front-wheel-drive cars are designed and engineered so carefully that they have traditional resale leadership.

In fact, our Omni has the highest resale record of any car built in America, based on recent Automotive Market Reports of 1979 models with automatic transmissions.

Dodge has been able to achieve all this and still maintain competitive prices. In fact, Dodge has more of America's lowest-priced** front-wheel-drive cars than anyone else.

And think about this. If everyone drove a Dodge front-wheel-drive car, America wouldn't have to import one drop of OPEC oil for gasoline.**



America's not gonna be pushed around anymore.

**Based on 25 EPA EST. MPG rating and 15,000 annual miles vs. current 14 MPG avg. for 110 million U.S. cars (44% of our OPEC oil is made into gasoline). **Based on EPA categories.

"Most cassettes are afraid of me."

-Stevie Wonder-

A lot of cassette makers have probably considered asking Stevie's opinion about their performance. But he's such a perfectionist, they may have been scared off.

Not TDK. TDK SA's Super AxiSyn magnetic particle revolutionized high bias cassette music. No rock is too hot to handle. Classical music keeps all of its dynamic range. Jazz sizzles without a hiss. There's headroom for all the challenge and drama of music.

For Stevie, "It's a little music machine that delivers the best sound, for its size, I've ever heard." There's good reason. Its 250 components are checked thousands of times; 1,117 checkpoints for the shell alone. And SA is guaranteed a lifetime.* Enough to please any perfectionist.

* In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.

©1980 TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530



LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



BAUGHMAN: HE'S HAVING A LONG SUMMER

For several years now this magazine has been apt to begin or end, or both, with a piece by Michael Baughman. 43, whose **VIEWPOINTS, PERSPECTIVES, REMINISCENCES** and the like have dealt with topics ranging in scope from such controversial issues as gun control and aerial spraying to first-person pleasures about small-creek fishing and cutting grass. These articles have provided us with the insights of a writer whose subject matter has always been of a piece with his life.

Baughman (pronounced boffman) is extremely sensitive to "what can happen to a nice place when there are too many people around." He left Honolulu 15 years ago for college and then the small town of Ashland, Ore., which, he says, "is about as far from a city as you can get in the U.S. I was looking for a place where I could do what I wanted to do in an environment like this."

What Baughman currently does is teach writing and literature classes at Southern Oregon State College and roam the outdoors, hiking and camping with his family in the summer and skiing cross-country when the weather turns cold. Whatever he does and where-

ever he goes, he is seldom without his split-cane rod, and rare is a Baughman story that doesn't turn out to contain a reference, however brief, to some aspect of fishing.

Baughman's great-grandfather was a direct descendant of Joseph Brant, a chief of the Mohawks, whose tribal territories extended from Canada to western Pennsylvania. Michael was born in Buffalo and as a child spent his summers fishing for trout in a stream that ran through his great-grandfather's Pennsylvania farm. When the family moved to Hawaii in 1948, he turned to the more exotic sport of spearfishing. Now he concentrates on the streams and rivers close to home in the Pacific Northwest, but, a conservationist in the strictest sense, he no longer keeps the fish he catches. "In fact," he says, "this year I didn't even bring home the one Thanksgiving steelhead I used to indulge myself with."

On page 6 of this issue, Baughman gives us an account of his most recent trip to the Oregon coast for some wintry tide-pool fishing, a sport that appeals only to the hardest angler. Never an athletic slouch, Baughman was an amateur boxer (he took lessons from former welterweight champion Fritzie Zivic), and also played on a national volleyball team in college, won a football scholarship to Boston University and toured Europe as a member of an Army basketball team.

Though Baughman says his competitive days are behind him, he is a runner whose idea of an enjoyable outing involves "anywhere from 10 to 25 miles on old logging roads and backwoods trails near Ashland." Last week he ran in the Honolulu Marathon, finishing in 3:45, and we look forward to his account of the race in weeks to come. Don't be surprised if he depicts it as sort of a jaunt on the way to the old fishing hole.

Philip D. Harbert

Give a
great tradition.



Brandy from The Christian Brothers' of California

WORLDWIDE DISTRIBUTION THROUGH VINTAGE SKILL, INC. • SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. • BRANDY 40 PROOF



Outboard Marine Corporation found that we delivered the same fast response their products do.

Fast response to claims is an essential part of any health care program. Our reputation for it impressed OMC.

But flexibility was also important to the manufacturer. And was another reason why they selected the Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plan for their coverage.

Our portfolio of benefits is extremely flexible. So we can tailor our benefit programs to meet the needs and budget of any size group. Any size.

And because we offer a variety of cost options and cash management techniques, we get high marks for the cost/benefit relationship we build into every program.

No other health insurance organization makes a benefit dollar go further.

Finally, there's the Blue Cross and Blue Shield card itself, the one card most widely accepted by hospitals and doctors nationwide.

Outboard Marine Corporation selected the Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plan. We think you will, too, when you compare us, dollar-for-dollar and benefit-for-benefit, with your current health care coverage. Call us toll-free at (800) 572-7282 or contact your local Blue Cross and Blue Shield Representative at the office nearest you.



**Blue Cross
Blue Shield**

Anything less could cost you more.

4 Blue Cross 646-4960 • 11 Blue Cross 627-9779 • 10 Blue Cross 697-4998 • 10 Blue Cross 219-1390
Springfield (217) 243-5050 • Rockford (815) 963-6715 • Alton (618) 463-6805 • Rock Island (309) 798-8008 • Peoria (309) 671-4998

A full-page photograph of two skiers on a steep, snowy mountain slope. The skier in the foreground is wearing a light blue jacket, black pants, and a multi-colored knit hat, leaning forward in a skiing stance. The skier in the background is wearing a red jacket and black pants, also in a skiing stance. The background features rugged, snow-covered mountain peaks under a clear sky.

**THE MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT SKIING,
THE MORE YOU'LL APPRECIATE ROFFE.**

All skiwear looks great in the lodge. The real test is how it looks (and how it performs and lasts), on the hill. For fashion *and* quality, nothing beats made-in-America skiwear from Roffe. At America's finest full-service ski shops.

Roffe®

Color-coordinated with Demetre Sweaters and Smiley Hats. Roffe, 806 Howell Street, Seattle, WA 98101. Also available in Canada.

CORONET VSQ BRANDY.

We've captured the essence
of the grape.

The ultimate
from every grape
makes Coronet clear,
smooth and mellow.
Coronet.
The VSQ of Brandy.



Footloose

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

AN OREGONIAN GOES OUT IN THE COLD
TO FISH TIDAL POOLS AND SEE LIONS

For years now, influential Oregonians, hoping to preserve the beauty and environment of their state, have been trying hard to discourage Californians from migrating north. We'll take you for a while if we really have to, the feeling seems to be, and we'll certainly take your money while you're with us—but please, don't move here. This opposition to Californians—actually to migrants from anywhere—is organized, too. Souvenir shops sell "un-greeting cards" that picture a downcast man in a pouring rain over the caption OREGONIANS DON'T AGE, THEY RUST. My wife plays tennis in a well-preserved T shirt from the days of Governor Tom McCall (1967-1974), who some claim started all of this. Pictured on the front of the shirt is the inevitable man in a downpour, under which is lettered, "Tom Lawson McCall, Governor, on behalf of the citizens of Oregon, cordially invites you to . . ." And on the shirt's back the message is completed, "from Washington or California or Idaho or Nevada or Afghanistan."

Unfortunately for Oregonians, the state's population continues to increase despite the emphasis its would-be saviors put on its rotten weather. And our weather can indeed be rotten, especially along the narrow strip of land between the mountains and the sea. Storms sweep down from Alaska, bounce against the Coast Range and drench us.

So, though the Oregon coast is very beautiful, with its lush forests, steep cliffs and clean beaches, it's also awfully wet; and when it isn't wet, it's usually windy or foggy.

I thought of all of this before my last five-hour drive to the coast for some tide-pool fishing. Whenever an Oregonian plans a trip to the coast, for any reason, he thinks long and hard about the weather. How bad will it be?

This time I was in for a mild surprise. When I checked into a motel at Florence, the lady behind the desk locked me over carefully.

"You gonna fish?" she asked me.

Apparently she had seen the red cuses in the car. "Tomorrow morning," I said.

"Salmon? Steelhead?"

"Tide pools."

"Tide pools? It's gonna be cold."

"It's chilly all right."

"It's gonna freeze out there tonight."

"Not too usual around here, is it?"

"Usual? Now rain is what's usual. Tonight it's gonna freeze. This'll be the coldest night in these parts in a long time. Good luck," she said. "Tide pools?"

I awoke at 5:45 a.m. Low tide had been

continued

1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, 100's, 0 mg. "tar",
0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Kings, 100's

The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



SOME SERIOUS NOTES ON MOVING.

By Victor Borge

When you move, make sure your mail arrives at your new address right after you do.

The key is this: Notify everyone who regularly sends you mail one full month before you move.

Your Post Office or Postman can supply you with free Change-of-Address Kits to make notifying even easier.

One last serious note. Use your new ZIP Code.

**Don't make your mail come looking for you.
Notify everyone a month before you move.**



© 1975 UPS

FOOTLOOSE continued

at 3:54 a.m., and morning high would come at 10:10, so I would have to hurry. A glance out the window showed a perfect morning—for cross-country skiing. It was clear, calm and icy cold.

I dressed in nearly everything I'd brought along and headed for the car. The drive north was pleasant enough once the car had warmed up, and I had timed things right, because I hit the ocean just as there was enough light in the sky to make out the jagged rocks and sheltered coves of the coast below the road.

Within minutes I came upon an ideal spot, a small bay that could be reached in 10 minutes' walk from the road. A creek came out of a thick stand of timber and emptied into the middle of the bay, and it appeared to be a large enough stream to attract runs of salmon, steelhead or sea-run cutthroat trout. These fish aren't commonly taken in tide-pool fishing, but the time of year was right for them, and it was a nice possibility, if a remote one, to have at hand. North of the creek mouth, running parallel to the pebbly beach, were two long rock ledges with a pool the size of a tennis court between them. South of the creek was a series of good-looking smaller pools.

I parked, grabbed the fly rod out of the back and started down. I was so certain I'd catch some fish, and so excited at the prospect, that I barely noticed the cold. Not that I'm an expert at tide-pool fishing. To my knowledge, nobody is. It's a sport about which relatively little is known, and one with endless possibilities and certain obvious virtues.

Perhaps the primary virtue is that catching plenty of fish is usually easy. Then there is the excitement arising from the fact that you never know what you will hook or how big it will be. As mentioned above, there is the rare salmon, steelhead or cutthroat trout to hope for, fish unmatched for sport when taken on a fly in salt water. There are almost always surf perch and dozens of species of rockfish, some 50 pounds or larger. It's rockfish in the one-to-five-pound range that you learn to expect, and catching them is cheap as well as easy—no guide, no boat, no expensive tackle required.

I decided to start out fishing the large pool north of the creek. Waves of three or four feet broke over the outer rock ledge of the pool, rolled and foamed across it, then lapped weakly over the ledge I was standing on. I worked out a short cast, the fly hitting the water between swells. I was using a weighted, size 2 streamer fly on a four-foot, 15-pound-test leader and a fast-sinking line—nothing awfully delicate. My rod was a 9½-foot, six-ounce fiber-glass steelhead model. I began the retrieve as the next wave poured over the outer ledge. There was a good strike, and I set hard, but the fish was gone. The wave rolled by me, over my ankles.

I cast again in the next lull. The strike came the same way in the same place, and this time I landed a perch of more than a pound. By the time I'd twisted the hook out of the small

continued

FOR THE RIGHT MOVES, GET THE RIGHT SHOES.

The right moves in basketball start with the right shoes. The same goes for any other game you play.

So the first smart move to make is to get the right athletic shoes. Shoes that are right for your foot, right for the surface you play on, right for the way you play the game.

Which is why you ought to bring your feet to The Athlete's Foot. And put your feet into Pony.

At The Athlete's Foot we specialize in shoes for athletes. We train our people to know the features of every make and model we carry—the materials used in soles and uppers, the last, the construction. Because all these things count big when it comes to keeping you in the



David Thompson, Denver Nuggets

action and out of trouble.

That's why you should check out the Pony shoes that help put the "fast" in UCLA's fast break and the "D" in Syracuse's defense.

College stars and pros count on Pony scientifically-advanced action shoes to help them make their moves.

So whether you choose one of the Pony Pro or Starter leather models, Lo or Hi Tops, you'll get the same performance that NBA All Stars from David Thompson to Bob McAdoo rely on.

Whichever Pony you choose, you'll have the right shoes to make all your moves.

So make your next move to The Athlete's Foot.

362 stores nationwide



STARTER, Lo and Hi/PRO 80, Hi and Lo

Nobody knows
the athlete's foot like



Bill Rodgers has a winter training secret he's willing to share.



When the cold winds blow, world-class runners, like Bill Rodgers, make many subtle adjustments to their training habits. Like the Nor'Easter training suit from Bill Rodgers & Company.

This tightly woven nylon suit leaves conventional knitted warm-ups in the dust. Because it doesn't retain moisture and is virtually wind proof, it keeps you much drier and warmer, at a fraction of the weight.

This Bill Rodgers suit also has front and back vents for maximum evaporation of perspiration, 3M reflective tape for night visibility, detachable hood and separate sizing for men and women.

Nor'Easter. Sold at better sporting goods and department stores. It's the worst kept winter training secret on the roads today.

Bill Rodgers & Company 

372 Chestnut Hill Avenue, Boston, MA, 02146 (617) 734-5430

FOOTLOOSE *continued*

mouth and dropped the fish back into the water, the waves were rolling in above my knees. I had time to land two more perch before the incoming tide forced me off the ledge.

South of the creek looked better anyway, or at least so I convinced myself. I hurried down the beach, feet cold, hands numb, and crossed the clear-flowing creek, then climbed over the rocks and out among the pools. Glancing back to where I'd just been, I saw that the pool I'd taken the perch from was gone. Both rock ledges totally submerged.

Tides rise in a hurry, so I hurried, too, searching for the best-looking pool among a lot of good ones. Eighty or 100 yards below the creek mouth I made my choice. I edged out as far into the pool as I could get, to be able to stand where the channel entered. From here I could cast across the pool and in toward shore, using the incoming swells to straighten the line and hold it out near the middle of the pool. The backwash would help sink the fly near the bottom. Then would be the time to begin the retrieve.

It worked well. Nearly every cast resulted in a strike, and most of them were well-hooked fish. Rockfish these were—a two-pounder, then a four-pounder, then a few more small ones, a five- or six-pounder, and back to two-pounders.

I cast again, looking for that big one I always hope for, and for a second or two I thought a miracle was actually going to happen. As the fly hit the water, something huge swirled beneath the surface behind it—something shiny, brownish black. By instinct I set the hook. Thank God it didn't connect. The face of a sea lion popped out of the water, barely two rod lengths from where I stood. We looked at each other. He went back under. Then four of them showed. Then there were six. I simply stayed where I was and watched, amazed. These were Steller's sea lions, which reach a weight of 1,500 pounds. Never in my life had I been so close to wild creatures under half that size. They appeared to be a bull and his harem, and they must have been there for the same fish I'd been catching. They would roll lazily on the surface, then dive with remarkable ease, then surface again in 20 or 30 seconds, inquisitive black eyes shining, fur smooth as silk, drops of water glistening on their long mustaches. I stood stock-still, watching them until the tide forced me back, and they didn't seem to mind at all. When I started the drive to Florence the sea lions were still there, rolling and diving, fishing the tide. I was sure, with more efficiency than I had. Still, I had found the spot first. That was worth something.

They were also better dressed for the weather. On the Oregon coast you have to be willing to rust in rain or mizzle in fog or be buffeted by pale-force winds or maybe even suffer frostbite. If none of that appeals, there's always Washington, California, Idaho or Nevada, not to mention Afghanistan. **END**

"This book is superb. Buy it!"

—National Racquetball Magazine



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED RACQUETBALL

RACQUETBALL "teaches strategy so well... far better than anyone else, said the experts. See for yourself! Discover how well SI's guide to the hot new sport teaches basic strokes, position play—even how to out-psyche your opponent! It's a book that belongs in your library—before your opponent gets a hold of his own copy!

ORDER DIRECT!
Send \$9.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

192 pages. Hardcover. Dozens of how-to photographs. 7" x 9"

THE TRAINING LIBRARY FROM
Sports Illustrated
BOX 1600, HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND 21740

Only because we make a
\$75 scotch

can we make so exceptional
a \$9 scotch

About \$75
(when available)



About \$9



Ballantine's
in the famous square bottle
inherits its great taste, and
its blend of 44 great whiskies,
from our 30-year-old Ballantine's—
the oldest, most expensive scotch in the world.

Ballantine's. Makers of the oldest and most expensive scotch in the world.

© '21' Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86-proof, imported by J.T. Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

To understand the modern world, you've got to have CONNECTIONS.

"Anecdotes are used well to explain concepts and bring science to life.... An excellent companion to the [TV] series."

—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

"From small beginnings, great things have grown—and there is deep fascination in the way Burke traces the process and relates technology to everyday life."

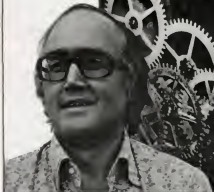
—*Washington Post*

138 color and 150 black-and-white illustrations, plus line drawings.
Paperback, \$10.95

Little, Brown

NOW IN PAPERBACK:

the major national bestseller based on one of the highest rated television series in PBS history (see local listings for time and station).



BOOKTALK

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

VIC BRADEN'S WAY OF MAKING TENNIS A LOVE GAME AMONG THE YOUNGER SET

The summer after his junior year in high school, Vic Braden, the son of a coal miner, swung his first big deal in tennis: he gave lessons to three children in exchange for a set of tennis clothes. In the 34 years since, Braden has achieved national renown, but he has kept making time for youngsters. He has taught kids like Tracy Austin who wanted to be champions, kids like his five children who were interested only in recreation, and tots, some as young as 21 months, who simply liked "running about the court with a giant racket and trying to hit that fuzzy yellow ball."

This year, drawing on his long experience with kids, Braden joined Bill Bruns to write *Teaching Children Tennis* the Vic Braden Way (A Sports Illustrated Book/Little, Brown and Company, \$16.95). The book lays out a comprehensive instructional system for parents, explaining how to communicate technique, conduct enjoyable drills and maintain motivation and discipline.

As in his first book, *Vic Braden's Tennis for the Future*, Braden presents his theories on stroking form and strategy and emphasizes the advantages of coolly playing a high-percentage game. But *Teaching Children's* greatest strength is Braden's empathy with both the parent/instructor and the child/student. He never regards their relationship impersonally: the instructor spouting wisdom, the student obediently absorbing it, rather, he recognizes that each instructor and each pupil will have his own emotions, goals and physical and mental capabilities, and Braden builds enough flexibility into his teaching system to indulge individual differences.

In Braden's view the parent-child relationship cannot succeed in tennis unless the parent enters the child's psychological world, consulting him like a partner, bolstering his ego, staying alert to his pleasure and comprehension. The parent should work at everything from recognizing his child's signs of anxiety (tense face, clutched non-hitting hand, tight body movements) to evaluating his own teaching performance by reviewing tape or video tape recordings of his lessons.

Braden also insists that the parent encourage civility on the court and keep trophy-hunting in perspective. Goes one Braden maxim: "A child eventually puts his trophies in the garage, but his personality is on display his whole life." That advice comes too late to enlighten the parents of rude pro players, but for parents just introducing their kids to tennis, it can still do a world of good. **END**

The Nikon EM

It costs so little, you'll be amazed.



It's a small price indeed—especially for a Nikon, the first name in photographic professionalism. What makes the automatic ultra compact Nikon EM so extraordinary?

It's the fact that it's built with Nikon's uncompromising integrity and attention to detail. So you get Nikon precision and performance at an amazingly low price.

It's easy to use. Just focus and shoot.

Nikon EM electronics will set the precise exposure, automatically. And, magnificent Nikon optics assure you of extremely sharp, clear and colorful lifelike pictures.

You can add accessories like a low cost motor drive, an automatic flash.

or any of the nearly 70 interchangeable Nikon lenses. All this is at your fingertips with a Nikon EM. At a very small price. Especially for a Nikon.

© 1980 Nikon Inc.
Garden City, New York 11530

CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



9 mg
tar

Camel Lights. Low tar. Camel taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**THE GIFT THEY WANT MOST
IS ON SALE FOR CHRISTMAS.**

ONLY \$74.00

Sears 20 inch BMX dirt bike. Long pedal crank for fast acceleration. Road-gripping tires. Rough and tough. With chromed wishbone fork and reinforced steel frame. Save \$20.

ONLY \$89.00

Sears 24 inch and 26 inch 10-speed yellow racers. With dual position caliper brakes. And stem-mounted shift levers. Save \$20.

\$20. OFF DECEMBER 7 TO 20.

Sears

Where America shops for Value

© Sears, Roebuck and Co., 1989 Prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii. Available at most larger Sears retail stores.

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

TIM & HIS TEAMMATES

This magazine will announce its Sportsman of the Year next week, but we can tell you in advance that the winner won't be any of the South Miami (Fla.) High School football players who turned their wrath on a teammate the evening of Nov. 28. With only seconds remaining in a regional championship game against Columbus, South Miami leading 20-14 and in possession at the Columbus 47, Running Back Tim Anderson fumbled. A Columbus player recovered, ran for a touchdown, and South Miami lost, 21-20. Crushed by the stunning turnaround, angry teammates tried to prevent Anderson from getting on a bus that was taking the team from Tropical Stadium to South Miami High. He finally got aboard but later, in the school's locker room, teammates shoved and cursed him, threw football helmets at him and threatened him with a baseball bat. Coaches had to arrange for police to escort the beleaguered Anderson to safety.

As one might guess from all this, South Miami didn't have the most stable football program to begin with. The team is roughly 40% black and racial tensions surfaced this season after Head Coach Dave Mosure gave the job of defensive coordinator, which had been held by a black assistant coach, to another assistant, who, like Mosure, happened to be white. Black players walked out once during the season and threatened to do so on other occasions. Though Anderson and the teammates who abused him were all black, the emotions triggered by the bitter loss to Columbus quickly took on a racial edge when some black players, not content to taunt and menace Anderson, also derided several white assistant coaches as "honky crackers." And when Mosure tried to address his troubled team in the locker room, the players refused to listen, forcing him to abandon the effort.

Friends describe Mosure as a caring man who honestly tried to deal with the turmoil on the team. Others, however, suggest that Mosure placed too much em-

phasis on winning, his idea of motivating players being to run at a door and knock it off its hinges. Although he insisted the decision had nothing to do with recent events ("It's been on my mind a while"), Mosure quit last week as South Miami's coach, leaving it to others to try to straighten out the situation. As for Anderson, he may or may not find solace in the fact, now generally acknowledged, that he fumbled at last partly because South Miami's quarterback turned the wrong way and pitched out to Anderson when he was supposed to hand off. In other words, the fumble probably wasn't Anderson's fault.

NO WONDER THEY'RE WRECKED

Going into last week's regular-season finale, a 17-13 victory over Florida (page 68), Florida State could officially claim the toughest college football schedule, followed in order by those of Miami, Penn State and USC. This, anyway, was the word from the NCAA, which rates a schedule's difficulty on the basis of opponents' won-lost records. But with all due regard for the Seminoles, we believe Georgia Tech, which stood fifth in the NCAA ratings, had the toughest path to travel this season as it struggled to a 1-9-1 record. On Sept. 6 the Yellow Jackets opened the season with a 26-3 loss to defending national champion Alabama, which became the No. 1-ranked team for '80 a week later. On Nov. 6 Tech played to a 3-3 tie with Notre Dame, which by that time had supplanted Bama as the nation's top team. And two weeks ago Tech lost 38-20 to the current No. 1, Georgia. Besides having the distinction of playing three top-ranked teams in a single season, Tech can boast—or complain—that no fewer than seven of its 11 opponents are headed for bowl games.

TOP TOWNS

What's the best pro sports town in North America? Bob McMahon, a Media, Pa. stockbroker who annually compiles data

on the subject, polled 184 athletes to get this year's ratings and found that when it came to the "most enthusiastic" fans, Houston was tops in the NFL, Portland in the NBA, Philadelphia and New York in baseball (National and American Leagues, respectively) and Philadelphia (again) in the NHL. Since hometown enthusiasm often means hostility toward visiting teams, it's not surprising that some of the same cities also have the "un-friendliest fans." In this category, the athletes ranked Philadelphia No. 1 in both the NFL and the NHL, New York in both the National and the American Leagues and San Antonio in the NBA.

McMahon also asked the players which cities' fans were the most knowledgeable. The leading vote-getters were Pittsburgh in the NFL, New York in the NBA, Philadelphia and Boston in baseball and Montreal in the NHL. The fa-



vorite cities for food, entertainment and accommodations were Los Angeles in the NFL, New York in the NBA, San Diego and Boston in baseball and Montreal in the NHL.

So what's the best sports town of all, everything considered? Well, McMahon also examined won-lost records for the 1979 NFL season, the '79-'80 NBA and NHL seasons and baseball's 1980 season and found that Philadelphia's teams had an overall regular-season winning percentage of 67, followed by Boston's 62. Philadelphia was the runaway winner in postseason play, trailed in order by Los Angeles, Houston and Boston. On the other hand, computing attendance by how close crowds came to capacity (which he deems more meaningful than simply totaling the number of fans), Mc-

continued

There's a revolution



© 1969 Sony Corporation of America. Sony and Walkman are trademarks of Sony Corporation. Models shown: TPS-33 with MDR-312 headphones.

in the streets.



The Sony Walkman

Look around. It's happening everywhere.

More and more people every day are listening to music in a revolutionary way.

The Walkman is a completely portable stereo tape machine that plays music with such power and fidelity, you won't believe you're listening to a cassette player that's just a little bigger than the cassette itself. Because the sound is much closer to that of a huge home stereo system.

You listen through tiny feather-weight headphones. And there's even a jack for a second set of headphones, in case you're in the mood to share your music with someone else.

So come into your local Sony dealer and find out what the revolution is all about. After all, the Walkman is from the people who have been revolutionizing an industry for years.



SONY
THE ONE AND ONLY

Mahon rated Boston first (87%), followed by Green Bay-Milwaukee and Philadelphia (both 80%). If that makes Boston the best sports town, it leaves Cleveland the worst. Although the spaciousness of Municipal Stadium (baseball capacity 76,713, football 80,385) and The Coliseum (19,548) may make such a statistic slightly misleading, the fact remains that Cleveland fans filled only 49% of the available seats at Brown, Indian and Cavalier games.

LAUDA-AIR

Niki Lauda, the well-born Austrian who became a two-time world auto-racing champion before retiring from the sport last year, has launched his own charter airline. With two 44-seat Fokker F-27s (and an option on a 300-seat DC-10), Vienna-based Lauda-Air operates weekly flights to Venice and Paris under contract with travel agencies and also runs charter flights to Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy and West Germany. The company has 32 employees, including six pilots, one of them being Lauda himself. During his auto-racing days, Lauda owned a share of a Lear Jet, which he sometimes flew to Grand Prix events, and he has since upgraded his pilot's license to cover commercial airliners.

Remember when athletes became beer distributors when they retired?

CALLING OFF THE DOGS

It's an unwritten rule among college football coaches not to run up the score against outmanned opponents, but the rule is often honored in the breach. During the 1930s Ohio State's Francis Schmidt, who wasn't dubbed Close the Gates of Mercy Schmidt for nothing, made a practice of running it up against Buckeye foes, scores like 85-7, 76-0 and 61-0 being the result. More recently, when Lee Corso was coaching at Louisville he found himself on the wrong end of a lopsided score and unavailingly waved a white handkerchief on the sideline. When Pepper Rodgers was at Kansas he was similarly moved, during a shellacking by Missouri, to flash the peace sign at Tiger Coach Dan Devine. Rodgers later reported that Devine "shot one half of it back at me."

Charges of pouring it on have been particularly rife in 1980, partly, no doubt, because the wide-open offenses now characterizing the college game make it possible for some teams to score almost

at will. Among those accused of running up the score were bowl-bound Nebraska, Florida State, Brigham Young and, not least, Baylor, which tried an onside kick with eight seconds left and a 42-7 lead over Lamar University. The Lamar coach, Larry Kennan, cracked, "Maybe they were afraid we'd run it back all the way, then line up and go for 30 points" (SCORECARD, Oct. 20). In fact, coaches are resourceful in offering excuses for being slow to pull starters and otherwise offending against accepted mismatch etiquette. Criticized for calling a fake punt in the fourth quarter with a 39-15 lead over Connecticut, Massachusetts Coach Bob Pickett hastened to explain that he was merely "trying to take pressure off my kicker," who, he added, had recently suffered a couple of blocked punts. Stanford's Paul Wigan justified his tardiness in pulling his first-stringers in a 54-13 win over Oregon State by noting that his team was playing USC the next week and had to stay sharp. Then there's Delaware Coach Tubby Raymond's classic explanation for trying a two-point conversion despite a big lead in a game a couple of seasons back: "A run is less likely to succeed. That's why it's worth two points."

But the commonest justification for running up scores is that no lead is safe these days. When Bobby Bowden was coaching West Virginia, his team led Pittsburgh 35-8 in the third quarter, only to lose 36-35, a fact that Bowden, now at Florida State, was quick to mention this season after calling for a two-point conversion, a long pass and a "blooper" kickoff late in a 41-7 win over Boston College. But Bowden at least had put his reserves in the lineup, which is more than sometimes could be said of Brigham Young's Lavell Edwards, who frequently complained that he couldn't relax during one-sided games because the Cougar defense was weak. But after keeping star Quarterback Jim McMahon in the game until the closing minutes of a 54-14 win over Nevada-Las Vegas, Edwards finally admitted that he merely wanted to fatten the quarterback's stats.

Few schools more shamelessly ran up big scores this season than Portland State, which shelled Cal Poly Pomona 93-7 and Delaware State 105-0. "No matter who is in the game, our approach is to throw the ball," says Coach Mouse Davis, but this scarcely explained why Davis sent his first-string defensive linemen back into the game when Cal Poly,

trailing late in the fourth quarter, 93-0, began moving toward its lone touchdown. Roman Gabriel, who coaches Cal Poly, said bitterly of Davis, "He rubbed our nose in the dirt. Down the line we'll get a shot at him." And perhaps they will. One of the biggest mismatches of 1979 was Houston's 63-0 romp over Rice, a humiliation that the losers had good reason to try to avenge as quickly as possible. It didn't take long. The Owls ended their '80 season the other day by whipping Houston 35-7. There's a lesson there somewhere.

YANKEE HORSE TRADER

Two Boston pro teams, the Bruins and the Celtics, are considering moving to a proposed new sports complex in Salem, N.H., 30 miles up Interstate 93 from the Hub. If they do, they'll find that somebody has already beaten them to the most logical new nicknames for the transplanted teams, the New England Bruins and the New England Celtics. The owner of those names in New Hampshire is Mary Lou Cook, general manager of Data-Search, a small paralegal firm in Concord, N.H., who enterprisingly registered them with the Secretary of State as soon as she got wind of the contemplated franchise shifts. Although she says she has no interest in personal gain, Cook isn't above a bit of Yankee horsetrading. She says she'd gladly surrender rights to the nicknames if the Bruins and Celtics promise New Hampshireers they'll hold an annual party for children, another party for the disabled, autograph sessions before home games and frequent clinics. And one more thing: they'll have to pledge never to move their franchises from Salem. Says Cook slyly, "These are things most teams promise to do anyway, so I'm sure the Bruins and Celtics will be only too willing to meet my terms."

THEY SAID IT

● Doug Plank, Chicago Bear safety, on what he expected to achieve at a hearing before NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle on his appeal of a \$1,000 fine for spearing. "I hope to at least get an autographed picture."

● Lou Holtz, Arkansas football coach, opening his weekly TV show after the Razorbacks' 31-7 loss to SMU, the team's fourth defeat in five games: "Welcome to the Lou Holtz Show. Unfortunately, I'm Lou Holtz."

*Give J&B.
It Whispers.*

RARE

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY

J&B
JUSTERINI & BROOKS

41 James's Street, London, England

BY APPOINTMENT TO THEIR LATE MAJESTIES

KING GEORGE III

KING EDWARD VII
KING GEORGE VI
KING GEORGE VII

KING GEORGE IV
KING WILLIAM IV
QUEEN VICTORIA

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 15, 1990

HANG ON TO YOUR SEATS

Brian Sipe (17) and the Browns leave Cleveland fans gasping but things usually work out all right

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN





CONTINUED

They struggle. They make dull games exciting. Why? Well, no one has quite figured out the Cleveland Browns, but whatever else they may be, the Browns are also 10 and 4 and sitting alone at the top of the AFC Central following their squeaky 17-14 victory over the New York Jets last Sunday. Not a bad record for a team picked to finish third at best in a division that has been the property of Pittsburgh and Houston the last few years. Now the Oilers trail the Browns by a game, with only two to play in the regular season, and the Steelers are practically dead as a result of their 6-0 loss to Houston Thursday night in the Astrodome.

The Jets, the 3-11 Jets, are the kind of tasty morsel to fatten up on if you're got the old Super Bowl Fever. And with the third quarter more than half gone, Cleveland was up 10-0 and winging. But these are the Browns, folks, and they kept 78,454 people in their Municipal Stadium seats until the very end. As usual.

Eight minutes were all it took for Cleveland to blow the lead, the Jets going ahead 14-10. New York Quarterback Richard Todd was doing a number on a three-man defensive line whose salaries total \$94,000. The left end, Marshall Harris, was a commercial artist in 1979 after walking out of the Jets' camp. The middle guard, Henry Bradley, drove a truck in Cleveland last year after the Browns cut him. The right end, Elvis Franks, is a rookie, a fifth-round draft. Their salaries, from left to right, \$30,000, \$32,000 and \$32,000. The Blue Plate Special.

"I stood on the sidelines watching Todd eating us up, and I was dying," said Lyle Alzado, Cleveland's regular right defensive end, who had pulled a hamstring late in the first half.

But the Browns are actually two teams. There's the defense, which hanties and scrambles and plays with great emotional intensity—but gives up yards, enough yards to make even the put-away games close. And there's the offense. Ah, now you've got something. Brian Sipe at quarterback, the two Prunfts, Mike and Greg, at running back and as sophisticated a passing game as there is in the NFL,

with Ozzie Newsome, Reggie Rucker and Dave Logan among the receivers.

When the Browns took the field in the fourth quarter Sunday, they were staring at that 14-10 deficit and knew they had a chance to blow everything—division title, wild card, the works. Sipe needed only six plays to take them 68 yards into the end zone. And when the defense came back out, Alzado lumped off the bench to join it. Actually, Alzado had put himself into the game on the last play of Cleveland's previous defensive series, when a five-yard Todd-to-Mickey Shuler touchdown pass lifted New York into the lead. Now it was time to button up for the final push, and there was no way Alzado was going to miss it.

"Lyle snuck out there when we weren't looking," said Cleveland Coach Sam Rutigliano. "The doctor told me not to use him. There was a chance he could've torn the muscle and been lost for six weeks, but he went in on his own. It goes to show you how much respect I've got around here."

"The first time I tried to go in, Marty Schottenheimer, our defensive coordinator, grabbed me and said, 'I'll tell you when,'" said Alzado. "So I went down to the other end of the bench and waited till Marty's head was turned, till he was talking to Dave Adolph, the defensive line coach, and I slipped on in."

"Are you going to fine him?" Rutigliano was asked.

"Yeah. I'll fine him one chin strap," he said. "You punish felones, not misdemeanors."

Wait a minute, now. Let's get a grip on this thing. Rutigliano did learn his football on the sandlots of Brooklyn, but this isn't P.S. 187. It's the NFL, the big banana. Discipline, pride and poise, defense, computers. Coaches don't talk that way. Quarterbacks don't kill the clock by throwing passes, as Sipe did against the Jets. And the team with the AFC's second-worst defense, statistically, shouldn't be tied for its best record.

What are these Browns, anyway? For one thing, they're a breath of fresh air—a refutation of all the clichés. And they're still capable of blowing it all. This Sunday they go to Bloomington to play the Vikings, a team that has murdered Cleveland four of the five times they've met, a team Cleveland has never beaten on the road. The following week the Browns are in Cincinnati. The Bengals have won six



The Jets' Bobby Jackson may have had a leg up on Reggie Rucker, but Reggie had the football.

of the last seven against Cleveland in Riverfront, including last year's 16-12 game that knocked the Browns out of the playoffs. One thing is certain, whatever happens, it will happen the hard way. Cleveland never makes things comfortable.

Last year 12 of the Browns' 16 games were in doubt up until the final moments. This year, 10 of 14. A terrific come-from-behind quarterback, coupled with a non-so-terrific defense, will do that for you. Tampa Bay had them on the ropes, but the clock ran out before the Bucs could catch up. Another time Cleveland had Baltimore put away—when the Colts got 14 points at the end and lost by a point. Cleveland scored two touchdowns in the last quarter to beat Pittsburgh by a point and then lost to the Steelers on a touchdown with 11 seconds to play. Two weeks ago the Oilers shoved the Browns all over the field in the fourth quarter, but Cleveland made its three-point lead stand up when the last three Houston drives ended in a missed field goal, a fumble and an interception. The Browns blew a 10-point lead to Green Bay and needed a 46-yard touchdown pass with 16 seconds left.

Clay Matthews (37) led a gangster of burly Browns who plowed Tom Newton into the dirt.



to bail themselves out. That was the game in which Cleveland could've gone up 17-0, or at least 13-0, at the end of the first half, but when the Browns got down to the four-yard line they threw three straight passes and ultimately came away with nothing. When a Cleveland writer took Rutigliano to task for eschewing the ground game so close to the goal line, Rutigliano said, "Fasten your seat belt. I like to throw from there, and I'll go for it on fourth down, too—from anywhere on the field."

So it was that Cleveland went for it on fourth-and-18 on the Jets' 37 in the third quarter Sunday while holding a 10-7 lead. Johnny Evans, the punter, came up to the line to take the snap and handed off to Wide Receiver Willis Adams on a reverse. Damn near made it, too. The play gained 15.

Why do it, Sam? "Because I hadn't

done it for three or four weeks," Rutigliano said, relishing the moment.

And what about the end of the game? The Browns, leading 17-14, took over on their eight-yard line with 5:04 left. On the first play Sipe passes for nine yards. He passes on the fourth, sixth and eighth plays, too. And they're all completions. Three quarterback fall-downs and tweet, the final whistle. Yes, sweet victory, but also time for a little head scratching.

Ah, now we're into something. Philosophy. Faith in your people.

"The biggest mistake coaches make is saying, 'We're going to establish the run' or 'establish the pass,'" Rutigliano said. "You try to establish first downs. You keep the ball moving. And the clock. You do it in the most intelligent way you can."

In Sipe, Rutigliano has the perfect man to execute that philosophy. Daring, yes,

continued





THE BROWNS continued

but always operating from a very high plane of intelligence; he has the lowest interception rate of any quarterback in the NFL. Sipe is not imposing-looking as NFL specimens go: a shade over 6 feet, slim build, almost frail-looking. Quiet, thoughtful, but with inner fires that have made him the league's ultimate come-from-behind quarterback.

"You know, four or five years ago I'd have been very nervous in a situation like the one at the end today," he said. "I wasn't a very good quarterback then. Oh, I thought I was at the time, but everything's so different now. It's a matter of the confidence you feel when you move away from the center on a pass play."

It's almost as if destiny has brought together the elements that have turned the Browns into one of the NFL's best teams. First Sipe, then Rutigliano, then the rule changes that allowed the passing game to open up. In 1972 Cleveland drafted Sipe, a pass-happy product of Don Cory-

ell's air circus at San Diego State, on the 13th round. He languished on the taxi squad for two years, watching Mike Phipps play quarterback.

"In my early years here, I played under five offensive coordinators," Sipe says. "I felt like an Indianapolis driver stuck on a dirt track. I always felt there was a different way to play football than the way we played it."

Then, on Christmas Eve 1977, Cleveland owner Art Modell hired himself a new coach—Rutigliano. "He called me, person-to-person, in Louisiana," Rutigliano says. "I was an assistant under Hank Stram with the Saints then. My wife answered the phone, and the operator said, 'I have a person-to-person call for the coach of the Cleveland Browns.' When my wife handed me the phone she was crying."

"I'd known Sam when I was in New England and he was an assistant there," says Ron Bolton, the Browns' left cornerback. "He had a reputation as a players' coach, a guy you could talk to. His first

Rutigliano lets Sipe call the shots on the field.



In your face, Scott Dierking: Ron Bolton straight-arms his way to a 20-yard interception return.

year with the Browns, after he'd picked his final 45. Sam said, "This is my team. I believe in each and everyone of you."

"Sam called me in and told me I was going to be his quarterback," Sipe says. "He said we were going to throw the ball and throw it on first down and from anywhere on the field. He said I'd call all the plays, unless I showed I couldn't handle it. He told me what I wanted to hear, but there's a bit of an actor in Sam, and I got the feeling he told everybody what they wanted to hear. He didn't really believe him until I got on the practice field and started running that offense of his. He was for real."

A few of Rutigliano's concepts are unorthodox. He doesn't believe in a three-wide-receiver offense on obvious passing downs. He drafted Newsome in 1978 because he wanted a tight end who wouldn't have to come out for a third wide man, he wanted someone who could play inside or out on the flank "so we don't have to make a substitution, so we can run a no-huddle series and keep the defense from getting its nickel-back on the field."

When the Browns draft offensive linemen now, they measure arm length. Rutigliano wants the apple pickers, guys who can keep the rushers at bay with full arm extension, so convenient under the new rules. Pittsburgh Defensive End L.C. Greenwood said that Cody Risen, Cleveland's 6' 7" tackle, spent one whole afternoon with his fists in Greenwood's face. Against the Jets, Risen got flagged for a rare "Fists in the face" penalty.

The Browns haven't been built in the ideal way. Too many of their recent high draft picks haven't paid off, but three vets they've brought in—Alzado, Calvin Hill and Joe DeLamelleure—have done well. Three no-nonsense guys, show-me types. They're all believers now.

Hill says that in all his years in the NFL, in Dallas and Washington, he never really understood the concepts of the passing game. Then he got to Cleveland. Alzado, the old pro from Denver, says, "If you can't get along with Sam, then you'd better look in the mirror, because it's you, not him." DeLamelleure, the right guard acquired from Buffalo in September, says that "playing for Sam will

extend my career three or four years. I've never felt so good, physically, at this stage of the season."

In a way, Cleveland is a paradox: modern philosophy in an old-world setting. The Browns aren't a high-paying club—witness the \$94,000 defensive line—but that will probably change as their level of success continues to rise. And Cleveland is hardly one of the NFL's garden spots, as Sipe noted when he first arrived from his native San Diego.

"It took a little getting used to," Sipe says, "but there's something very real, very pure about the football in this city.

A place like Houston, the Astrodome, all that Luv Ya Blue stuff, that's like the tinsel world. The first time I played there, they had 10 bands performing on the field before the game. It's like football itself wasn't enough. I'll give Modell credit. He's kept it strictly football here. You saw what the halftime show was today—the Massillon High School band. And they weren't allowed to go on the field at halftime because it was muddy. I'd sure hate to go down to the Astrodome for the playoffs."

Two more wins and that won't be a problem. But whatever happens, it's not going to come easy. That isn't the Cleveland style.

END

The "other" Probst, Mike, scores Cleveland's first TD after a nine yard burst through several Jets.



KENTUCKY PUTS THE BIG HURT ON THE BIG TEN

Charles Hurt and other youngsters few people had ever heard of led the Wildcats to punishing wins over Ohio State and Indiana **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

In nuclear weaponry they call it stockpiling. At Kentucky they call it recruiting. The difference is the Wildcats, omnipotent missile rattlers that they are, aren't afraid to launch each and every warhead they have and let the chips fall for the freshmen, or the sophomores! fall where they may.

When the dust from the most recent Kentucky explosion had cleared last week, Coach Joe B. Hall's youthful Wildcats had blasted their way to a 3-0 record and, in the process, just about obliterated the powerful Big Ten conference. And the 'Cats did it with some unexpected homers.

You may have heard of "I" sophomore Sam Bowie, the center on the U.S. Olympic team. Against Indiana a 6' 11" freshman named Melvin Turpin played more minutes and got more rebounds than Bowie. You may know of sophomore Dirk Minniefield, the successor to the graduated legend, Kyle Macy. Against Indiana and Ohio State another freshman, name of Jim Master—a grand Kentucky Rifle if there ever was one—played more minutes than Minniefield and scored more than twice as many points. Finally, you may recall such stalwart upperclassmen as Fred Cowan and Chuck Verderber. Well, it wasn't either of them, but another unfamiliar substitute who made the two biggest plays in the Wildcats' victories over the musclemen from the league of the big shoulders, Ohio State (70-64) and Indiana (68-66). It was only fitting that the player's name was Hurt. Charles Hurt, No. he isn't another inexperienced freshman. He's a son-of-experienced sophomore.

The 6' 6", 215-pound Hurt, whose physique must have been mail-ordered from the Lou Ferrigno school of design, didn't merely hurt the 'Cats' opponents. He knocked 'em flat dead with a pair of steals when 1) with 1:21 left in a tie game with Ohio State and the Buckeyes looking for an opening, Hurt darted in front

of Jim Smith at the State free-throw line and roared all the way for a breakaway jam, and 2) with Kentucky ahead of Indiana 66-64, 18 seconds to go and the Hoosiers setting up for a tying basket, Hurt slapped the ball away from Landon Turner on the baseline and then saved it from going out of bounds.

"A garbageman," said Hurt, who scored all of four baskets for the week. "I'm sort of like the guy who, whatever nobody else wants to do, I do it. Yeah, I guess I'm a garbageman."

Hall didn't think there was anything trashy about the conquest of Indiana. "They don't come any sweeter," he said. "I'll cherish this one the rest of my life."

Of all the traditional rivals—UCLA-Notre Dame, North Carolina-Maryland, Temple-Villanova—none is conducted at such a high level of beligerence as Kentucky-Indiana. Or at such a high level, period. Including a couple of NCAA tournament games, this was the seventh time in 15 years that the Wildcats and the Hoosiers met when one or the other of them was ranked No. 1 in a wire-service poll.

The Wildcats had almost lost that rating before running into the Big Ten two. Following a season-opening 62-57 escape past East Tennessee State, Hall described his team as "overconfident, conceited, preheaded," adding, "I call a spade a spade. In '78 I said we'd win the NCAAAs, and we did. But this team just isn't ready. How do you tell freshmen and sophomores they're progressing when they're ranked No. 1? I figured it to be about 12 and Ohio State and Indiana to be two of the teams chosen ahead of us."

To cope with the physical tortures Big Ten teams dish out, the Kentucky staff presided over a bone-jarring practice the day before meeting Ohio State. Bowie said it was tougher than any workout last season. Cowan said it was rougher than most games. During the practice Turpin

and Verderber nearly came to blows. "I want to thank Chuck for showing me what it's all about," said Turpin. "It's about getting mean."

With Bowie shooting 1 for 9 in a first-half disappearing act against Ohio State, it was up to Turpin and the other freshmen to hold off the Buckeyes for a while. They scored 16 points—eight by Master—as the Wildcats established a 35-34 lead at intermission. Kentucky didn't begin to put the game away until the score was 47-47 in the second half. That's when Bowie woke up, caught some lob passes over Herb Williams and outscored Ohio State 11-5 to pace Kentucky to a 60-52 lead. Then after Clark Kellogg scored his only two baskets to help lift the Buckeyes into a 64-64 tie with 2:34 left, the other Wildcats took over. Hurt got that aforementioned sidewinder dunk, and Derrick Hord, another sophomore, made two free throws and threw down another tomahawk slam for the 70-64 final score. The game had been rough, but as Bowie observed later, "Ain't no need to take a bump without givin' a bump."

The next morning Hall arose at dawn to shoot pheasant, which later turned up under glass at a family dinner along with wild rice, vegetables, applesauce, nut bread and pecan pie. Some kind of training table. While packing away the repast, Hall scoffed at the idea that the current 'Cats are as big and strong as Kentucky's huzzing national champions of 1978. "We're a bunch of holler dancers compared to that team," he said. Across the table Hall's son-in-law, Mike Summers, an assistant on Kentucky's football staff, laughed and said, "Coach, your guys' ability in the weight room embarrasses our football team."

Across the border the Indiana forces appeared as flexible as Kentucky's, with an ample supply of both little whippers and big whoppers. Hoosier Coach Bobby Knight said he wasn't going to consult hypnotists or lose sleep preparing for Kentucky. He knew which lineup he'd need. "Players don't come here to play pipsqueak schools," he said, relishing the challenge of meeting an archrival like Kentucky. "This is the kind of game we're all here for."

Bowie wasn't there for much of the first half. Whistled into early foul oblivion, he played only 5½ minutes, but Turpin came off the bench again to hold his own—as did freshman Tricky Dicky



Nothing included this melee among Cats Bowie (31) and Cowan and Hooper Glen Grunwald

Bowl a Minniefield clone—and Kentucky led 37–33 at halftime.

After the intermission Knight installed his tall tandem of Ray Tolbert and Landon Turner along with good-shooting Ted Kutchel up front, but it was the outrageously talented guard, Isiah Thomas (20 points, five assists and five rebounds for the afternoon) who was directly responsible for the Hoosiers' first 14 points of the second half. The Book of Isiah read three assists, three baskets and two steals, and suddenly Indiana was ahead 47–42, and later 54–48. "We were always afraid Isiah would explode," Bowie said of his Olympic teammate.

But the 'Cats' offensive rebounding—they won the boards 37–28—and depth was too much. Only one Kentucky starter was in the lineup for most of a 10-point spurt that gave the Wildcats a 58–54 lead. Bowie finally returned to play middleman in Kentucky's 1-3-1 zone, but with the game tied at 62 and a little over two minutes remaining, Thomas sped Tolbert breaking for the basket alone and directed a perfect alley-oop pass to somewhere near the rings of Saturn.

"When I turned around, the ball was in the air and so was Ray," said Bowie. "I thought, 'Oh no, it's one of those days. This one's coming down.'"

But alley oops? Tolbert's dunk attempt crashed off the rim and was grabbed by a shocked, not to mention extremely lucky, Bowie.

Tolbert's miss meant that now Kentucky had a chance to break the tie. Hurt and Kutchel exchanged nerveless baskets, but with 48 seconds to go, Thomas, who must be forgiven a mistake a week, fouled Minniefield. How could Thomas have known that Minnie, who had been playing like a mouse, would calmly step to the line and make both free throws for a 66–64 lead? Or that the Hoosiers, who were expertly working the ball for a good shot and another tie, would then pass it to Turner in an area where he could be so badly Hurt?

After the Kentucky reserve forward had snatched the ball away from Turner, kicked it to Minniefield and, thereby, inflicted another Big Hurt on the Big Ten, the man who starts in front of Hurt said he wasn't surprised at all.

"Charlie and all the other young kids aren't so young anymore," said Vanderber. "What will surprise me is if we ever lose."

END



Wheeking handily past Los Angeles defender Michael Cooper, Free scored 28 points, his season's average, in a 119-103 victory over the Lakers Saturday.

AS THE WORLD TURNS, SO DO THE WARRIORS

There were once a lot of doubters, but Golden State's Lloyd Free now seems to have convinced almost everyone that his nickname isn't the biggest joke under the sun

by JOHN PAPANEEK

Skeptics, skeptics," mused Lloyd Free of Golden State with a cocked eye and a cocky smile. "I've been dealing with skeptics all my life. I love 'em. Especially when they come around to my side."

And lately they've all been coming around, though few so slowly as John Bach, the Warrior assistant coach. Bach is a tough Brooklyn-born former Navy officer who was a no-nonsense coach for 28 years at Fordham and Penn State be-

fore coming west a year ago to help his friend Al Attles. When Free, a 6' 3" guard, joined the Warriors this fall after being traded away by the San Diego Clippers, Bach didn't quite know what to make of him.

"He wanted me to call him World," says Bach. "Can you imagine? All-World? A 27-year-old guy in the NBA, All-World?"

"It was fun," says Free. "He couldn't bring himself to do it. I'd always call him Coach Bach. 'Yessir, Coach Bach,' I'd say. 'You know best, Coach Bach.' And he'd say, 'That's right, Lloyd, that's right.' Well, I was trying to show him. Al Attles was calling me World. Al said, 'You call me Al and I'll call you World.' 'Anything you say, Al,' I said. 'You know best, Al.'"

Bach and Free held their positions for a couple of weeks, until a game against San Antonio, during which Free lit up the Oakland Coliseum Arena for 36 points, including a run of seven ceiling-scraping mortar lobes that hit nothing but net. After that game, Bach went to Free in the locker room and said, "You know something? Maybe you are All-World." To which Free responded, "It took you this long to figure that out?"

And that was pretty much the end of Lloyd Free. Now he's simply World. He signs autographs that way, answers his phone that way, had WORLD printed on the back of his warmup jersey.

A little more than five years ago World (a/k/a The Prince of Midair) came out of Guilford College to the Philadelphia 76ers, with a running mouth and a rainbow jumper, both of which seemed to go beyond the limits of human performance and human decency. While the shot may have been shut down by team politics, the mouth kept flapping, and World's reputation as a troublemaker grew. There were problems even when he was traded to San Diego and averaged nearly 30 points per game for two seasons. His reputation for selfishness increased, and off the court he was beset by calamitous financial problems and gnawing insecurities. This season, however, the NBA has discovered a new World. He and another resurgent son of Brooklyn, 24-year-old Bernard King, have joined with the very grown-up son of a Newark railroad worker, Attles, to create an exciting, winning team the likes

of which the Bay Area hasn't seen since Rick Barry led the Warriors to the NBA championship in 1975.

Like Free, King has found a new life. Three years ago he was a rookie sensation as a forward with the New Jersey Nets; one year ago he was suspended by the Utah Jazz after being arrested—and subsequently convicted—for sexually abusing a Salt Lake City woman. The arrest was King's second in three years as a pro and his sixth since his sophomore year at the University of Tennessee. King, who has blamed most of his problems on alcoholism, shared Free's fear that he might soon be returning to the Brooklyn playgrounds, his career ended.

Now Free's and King's prospects are revived. They are the cornerstones of a rebuilding project that includes 7-foot Center Joe Barry Carroll, rebounding wizard Larry Smith, defensive specialist Billy Reid and Center-Forward Rickey Brown—all rookies—playmaker John Lucas, scorers Purvis Short and Sonny Parker, and wily 31-year-old Center Clifford Ray. Together they've become the most improved and one of the most exciting teams in the NBA.

Attles says that it was the happy accident of tearing his right Achilles tendon during a practice last year that gave him the opportunity to recognize what the Warriors needed and persuaded him to coach another season. "I guess I'd been too close," he says. "While I was sitting in the stands, recuperating from my injury, I could see why we'd been out of the playoffs for three years. What we needed was an athlete who could make the great play for us and a forward who would run, pass, shoot and rebound the way Rick once did. Lloyd Free and Bernard King were perfect. We knew they were both risks, but we did our homework. We heard a lot of negative things about World, that he was selfish and uncoachable, but then I talked to some people I knew in Philadelphia, especially [76er Assistant Coach] Jack McMahon, who really loves him, and all I heard around there was that World is a great basketball player."

King was highly recommended by the Warriors' talent consultant, Pete Newell, who knew King from Newell's Los Angeles summer camp. "Pete kept saying how great Bernard was and how he had

continued

King has good reason to be animated: he's playing well and thinks he can win his fight against alcohol



his alcohol problem beaten," says Attles. "That was good enough for me, so I asked our general manager, Scotty Stirling, if we could make a deal for him."

San Diego Coach Paul Silas wasn't very interested in keeping Free, who made it known that he'd be very unhappy if his contract wasn't renegotiated, and Utah wanted no part of King. The cost to Golden State was Guard Phil Smith for Free, Forward Wayne Cooper and a second-round draft pick for King. A double steal if there ever was one.

"I really don't see how either deal was risky," says Stirling. "People said, 'How can you win with a guy who scores 30 points a game?' I said, 'Last time we had a guy who scored 30 a game [Barry] we won the championship.' As for Bernard, if the worst possible thing happens, if his problems recur—and I don't believe for a moment they will—what did we lose for giving him a chance?"

"A lot of people are giving me credit for all this 'last chance' stuff," says Attles. "I think that's garbage. It's Bernard and World who deserve the credit. We're just the recipients of their talent."

King now shuns publicity as he doggedly maintains his alcohol-rehabilitation program. "It took the events of a year ago to make me realize for the first time that I had an alcohol problem," he says. "Now I feel sure I can beat it." King is averaging 17.8 points, on 57.3%

shooting, and seven rebounds a game.

Free is averaging 27.7 points and is the vocal team leader. When Attles named him captain, he took the role very seriously, saying, "We have four rookies and everybody else is young. They all look up to me. I'm making these guys into monsters. Larry Smith is already one of the best rebounders in the league and I'm going to make him even better. I know how to do it. Rickey Brown and Joe Barry Carroll—look out, I'm going to do for them what I did for Darryl Dawkins in Philly."

The years have taught Free some hard lessons that only his perspicacity and, yes, his pluck could have pulled him through. "I look back at myself as a rookie," he says, "and I remember myself as a crazy young buck. I would say or do anything. I didn't know anything about the politics of pro basketball at the time. I'll never forget the first time I realized this was a business. I was strutting down the court in practice one time, and I did a total Brownsville move. You know, between the legs, spin around, jump out of the gym—but I missed the shot. Sometimes I made them, but this time I missed. Billy Cunningham, who was still a player then, yelled, 'This ain't the park! Make the basket or pass the ball!'"

"That's when I started to learn. But it took guys like that to tell me." And they had to tell him more than once, because

World kept his smart mouth flapping and approached practice as though it were kindergarten recess. "Some of us would wear funny hats, put our jockstraps on backward outside our pants, say outrageous things to reporters. You could tell me anything and I would say, 'Yes, I am the greatest of all time.' Me and Darryl. Mutt and Jeff, they called us in Boston. We'd try to one-up each other night after night. I'd say I can do this and I can do that, but I never got to play more than 15 minutes a game. I'd say I was better than Bob Cousy—I never even saw Bob Cousy—and Darryl would say he's better than everyone but God. Everything I said went into the papers. That helped me in one way because I became known, but pretty soon everywhere I went the fans all hated me. That was terrible because I'm very sensitive. I was trying to do the right thing, to give people a good show, because I remembered all the times when I'd cash in Coke bottles to get the money together to go to the Garden to watch the Knicks. I'd be sitting up so high I couldn't even see, but I heard the crowd and I knew I was getting a show."

Free made the most of his playing time. In his second season, 1976-77, he averaged 28.9 minutes and 16.3 points a game, and he singlehandedly took Boston out of the playoffs. Gene Shue, then the 76er coach, knew well what Free could do, but he was forced by practical considerations—Julius Erving, George McGinnis, Doug Collins and Caldwell Jones were all being paid enormous salaries—to stifle Free. "I didn't have the kind of power a coach needs," says Shue. "Lloyd was a fantastic talent. It hurt me to tell him to sit down."

Free understands that now. "Ain't nobody was going to buy tickets to see Lloyd Free at that time," he says. "You know, a man calling himself All-World, who nobody ever heard of? Now, how can you possibly come to the Philadelphia 76ers and call yourself All-World? After that Boston playoff it got better for me, because I played so well."

In Free's third season, Shue was fired and replaced by Cunningham, who used Free, but only because of an injury to Collins. On the eve of the following season, Cunningham traded Free to San Diego, where Shue had become coach. "When I first got traded I needed to go out and prove what I could do because in Philadelphia I had talked so much

continued



Golden State started streaking as soon as Coach Attles gave World permission to shoot more freely.

ULTRA LOW TAR Cambridge 100's



Satisfying taste
at only 4 mg tar.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1999

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN, 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94.6 PROOF, IMPORTED BY COMETSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © 1990



Why give the common,
when you can give the preferred.

Tanqueray Gin. A singular experience.

about it," says Free. "The opportunity was wide open for me. Gene gave me that shot. He said, 'You're going to help this team tremendously with your scoring.' I didn't think so, because of the way the guys there were looking at me. I could almost hear them thinking, 'The hell's going to disappear when it touches that man's hands.' After two months, Kermit Washington said, 'Hey, you're not like what those guys say you're like. I thought you were a terrible guy, and here you are, one of the best players in the league. People just don't know the real you.' Well, that was one of the best things anyone ever said to me. Then, Kevin Kunnert, Freeman Williams, even Sidney Wicks started looking to me as the leader." And that he was, averaging 28.8 and 30.2 points a game as the Clippers' main scoring threat.

But even as he was emerging as an offensive star, the financial problems that had been plaguing Free finally came to a head. He felt he deserved more money. The Clippers didn't think so, but Golden State did, which explains precisely why Free is now a very happy Warrior. Golden State tore up his original long-term contract for a maximum salary of \$160,000 a year, well below the league average, and replaced it with one worth much, much more.

"You know, I came out of a nobody school with no name, so I didn't expect to make a great amount of money," Free says. "I didn't know nothing. I didn't even know how to open a checking account. But once I started playing, and playing well, I felt I ought to start getting paid more. Then they told me I was locked into my contract. There I was in San Diego, scoring George Gervin-type points, and getting nothing for it. I'm a so-called troublemaker, and I've got money problems. With a rep like that I couldn't have disappeared from the league. I was getting real weak. I forgot about all the hard work I'd done, all the fun I'd had. That's when I started losing my hair. My folks helped me a great deal. And there I was last summer, back home, knowing that I'd promised to get my mom and dad out of Brownsville. Well, things hadn't worked out the way I'd planned."

When Golden State completed the trade with San Diego, Free hired Los Angeles attorney and former UCLA star Fred Slaughter as his agent. Slaughter began the arduous task of "trying to un-

scramble Lloyd's finances" while negotiating a new deal with Stirling. "Lloyd's contract was the most messed-up thing I'd ever seen," said Stirling. "I know that most clubs are against adjusting existing contracts, and so are we, but if anyone ever deserved to have a contract redone it was Lloyd Free." And so it was.

If he hadn't made it with the Warriors, it might have been all over for Free, and it's here that the credit goes to Attles. "Coming to the Warriors, I was very self-conscious," says Free. "Lucas was the head honcho. Parker and Short were coming back as the top scorers. Bernard and Joe Barry were coming too, and I was afraid they'd think I wanted to take over the whole show. And I was replacing Phil Smith, who went to the University of San Francisco and was very popular here. So at the start of the season I took only 12 or 13 shots a night. I would get 20 points in the first half and then not shoot in the second. I wanted everyone to know that the guy who averaged 30 points could give it up for the team."

But as Attles soon realized, Free was sacrificing himself to the detriment, not the good, of the Warriors. "We overreacted," says Attles. "We drummed the team concept into him and started to structure him too much. We got beat at San Diego one night and I went back to the hotel and thought, 'We've got all these high-powered offensive guys and we're 6-5 and only scoring 104 points a game. We got one of the most dangerous guys in the league and he's only taking 12 or 15 shots a game.' So I went to World and said, 'Look, you've proven to me that you can do all things we ask. You pass the ball, you're even playing defense. Now I want you to do what you do best.'"

That's all the coaxing World needed. He went out in the next game, against San Antonio, and made 16 of 25 shots and 36 points and racked up five assists. That was the turning point for the Warriors, who went on to win five of their next six and 10 of 17 to make their record 16-12 at week's end and put them in third place in the Pacific Division. After those 17 games, Free had increased his shots per game from 15 to 18.5, his percentage from 43.7% to 48.6%, his scoring from 20.3 to 27.7, his assists from 4.5 to 5.1. In San Diego, he averaged 22 shots a game and 4.7 assists. Far from graping, his Warrior teammates are ec-



Carroll is one of four rookies on the Warriors.

static. "It's great to play with him," says Lucas. "As long as he wants the ball, I'll do what I can to get it to him."

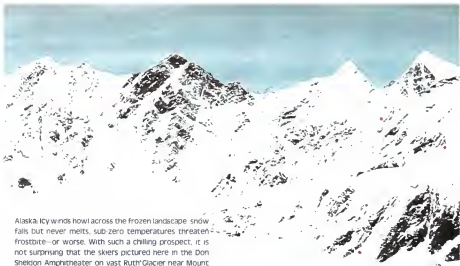
"My game is like my nickname—World," says Free. "A world is round, a full circle. And I have turned my whole self around. I can throw the ball in from anywhere; I'm coachable, a leader, a winner, and just a hell of a player, although I don't feel I have to say that anymore. I'm also lucky, because I go back to Brownsville and see guys like Fly Williams, Phil Sellers and Larry Fogle, guys who are out of the league because they never got the breaks. I was almost out of this league, too. I know that. But now, playing under Al, my game has made a world turn, and all Al has to do is tell us how to win. You won't hear World saying Al doesn't know what he's doing." At the moment, nobody would. **END**



Photo courtesy of the
National Park Service
© 1997 National Park Service
All rights reserved.



THE



Alaska: Icy winds howl across the frozen landscape; snow falls but never melts; sub-zero temperatures threaten frostbite—or worse. With such a chilling prospect, it is not surprising that the skiers pictured here in the Don Sheldon Amphitheater on vast Ruth Glacier near Mount

LOOK OF THE NORTH

McKinley National Park—some of them flown in by bush pilots—have brought with them the latest and warmest in puffy down- and fiber-filled parkas and vests. Beneath the jagged peaks and sheer walls of the Alaska Range, these hardy travelers brave arctic weather in tough nylon and cotton-poplin sportswear, some of which reverses to wool plaid; synthetic fur and even glove leather for après-ski conditions. This versatility is a logical adjunct to one of the hottest trends in sports fashion: skiwear is now also streetwear. From Fairbanks to Fort Worth, people are discovering that what keeps a skier toasty on Alaskan slopes takes the meanness out of frosty weather on city streets as well.

—JULIE CAMPBELL



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSMARIE BOGNER



CONTINUED



Paul and Mark Moderow (above) survey the slopes at Alyeska Resort. Both wear Demetree's racing sweaters with Lycra inserts (\$150).

Former U.S. Ski Team member Viki Rieckenstein (top, right), clad in nylon pullover (\$50) and pants by Roffe (\$120), takes a gate at Alyeska.

Ski mountaineers Mark and Debbie Moderow (far right) return from a trip up and down Mount Dickey. Debbie's suit is by Beconta (\$50).

Viki (right) checks her gear before exploring Portage Glacier. Her lamb shearing vest from Cornstock (\$175) has bone buttons.

After a flight to Ruth Glacier, Paul (left) sets out for a day of skiing in a Shantree nylon parka (\$140) and bio pants (\$110) from Serac.









On dog days Carol wears a parka trimmed with blue fox (\$295) and vest with imitation fox (\$190), both by Head, to drive Samoyeds through the snow

In Bogner skiwear that is suited for slopes or streets Carol (top) thinks warm thoughts in a reversible wool-plaid jacket and quilted vest with hood (\$440)

Carol's parka (\$325) from Bogner (above) is water-repellent and insulated, and comes with a reversible vest that shows a fake-fur side

Trekking across the tundra (top, right) are Vali, in a poplin jumpsuit from HCC (\$425), and Paul, in Levi's Activewear vest with hood (about \$70)

Carol bags some Alaska furs in a water-resistant leather jacket from Comstock (\$300) and stretch corduroy pants by Lescan (\$115).





As classic matchups go, nothing the Philadelphia Eagles have faced on the playing field this season could surpass the diverting little encounter that took place in their training room at Veterans Stadium the other day. There, stretched out on one of the massage tables with the Eagles' wounded, was no less a specimen of celebrity beefcake than John Travolta, undergoing treatment for a sprained ankle he had suffered while filming a new movie in the city. And there, standing before the actor like the aspiring costars of *David and Goliath Meet the Sweatshop*, were Jim Solano, a 5' 5" player's agent sporting the requisite pinkie ring, and one of his clients, a 6' 8" giant wearing nothing but a small towel and a very large smile.

Pointing at his towering companion like an attorney for the defense, Solano demanded of Travolta, "Can you identify this famous man?" Travolta obviously couldn't and, slipping into the play-it-dumb character of Vinnie Barbarino, he pleaded, "Hey, wow, c'mon, you guys, what is this? Some sort of a setup?"

No, merely a bet devised by the grinning giant—otherwise known as Harold Carmichael, wide receiver—to prove that his recognition level barely extends beyond Penn Square, much less to Hollywood and Vine. As it happened, Travolta fared no better when Eagle Coach Dick Vermeil passed by and, casting a suspicious eye at the No. 1 hearthrob of teeny-boppers everywhere, asked an aide, "Who's that strange man talking to Carmichael?"

If there is any moral to this quaint interlude in the life and violent times of Harold Carmichael, he says it is this: in the fame game, setting Eagle and NFL records, playing in three Pro Bowls and being the tallest and, at an estimated \$220,000 a year plus \$70,000 in bonuses, reportedly the highest-paid wide receiver in the NFL, isn't enough.

Just as Travolta needs a showcase like *Saturday Night Fever*, Carmichael contends that "a receiver needs to play in the Super Bowl before people will sit up and take notice." He should know; though he has averaged 45 receptions and seven touchdowns a season for nearly a

decade, though he has caught at least one pass in a record 126 straight games, and though he has scored more TDs than either Lynn Swann or Drew Pearson over the past six seasons, they are far more celebrated, he says, "because I've never played in a Super Bowl and they have. That's it. Once you do that, millions see you on TV and read about you. The Eagles in the past were just another struggling team. That's a big part of it."

The Eagles of the present, who are 11-3 this season and tied with Dallas for first place in the NFC East, are another matter. So is the local recognition factor. At least now when Carmichael moves around town he doesn't have to suffer the little slights his imposing presence used to invite.

Passerby: "Don't tell me, You're a pro basketball player. Dr. J of the 76ers, right?"

Carmichael: "No, I'm a jockey."

There was a time in his 10-year NFL career—one in which he has had five head coaches, 32 assistant coaches and six starting quarterbacks while catching 453 passes for 6,882 yards and 66 touchdowns—when Carmichael welcomed the anonymity, when the labels of "hoidog" and "butterfingers" so plagued him he was ready to flee town. "I was always trying to hide then," he says, "which is not easy when you're 6' 8"."

But now there is no hiding. There is only Carmichael's guiding credo: "Play it one game at a time."

Don't wince. In Philadelphia that tired old locker-room cliché has become a rallying cry as game after battering game, season after endless season, Carmichael builds an NFL career record so vast in scope and achievement it seems to lead a charmed life of its very own. At Veterans Stadium it is referred to simply as The Streak, that unbroken chain Carmichael began forging before any of the other Eagles were in residence and that promises to endure long after all of them have departed.

The origins of The Streak are so far removed, in fact, that Carmichael has no recollection of the play that started it all. The records show, however, that it occurred on Oct. 8, 1972. As it developed, the only sure thing on that Sunday was that the winless Eagles would lose again. And so they did, 14-0 to the Washington Redskins in a game that

continued

Often working at dizzying heights, the Eagles' 6' 8" Harold Carmichael has caught at least one pass in 126 straight games over a 10-year span by RAY KENNEDY

AND THE STREAK GOES ON

The short and long of it: at 5' 9" Louie Grammond stands exactly 11 inches shorter than Carmichael

proved memorable solely because an unheralded young receiver out of Southern University named Harold Carmichael caught one pass.

Last Sunday at the Vet, Carmichael prolonged his streak to 126 games when he caught four passes in the Eagles' 20-17 loss to Atlanta. The magnitude of Carmichael's streak—Travolta, take note—is such that no receiver in NFL history, not Don Hutson, Raymond Berry nor any of the Swanns and Pearsons before or since, has come close to matching it.

Carmichael claims that the best way to keep The Streak streaking is to ignore it. "I don't worry about it," he says. "My

tating. He catches 'em high, catches 'em low, catches 'em double covered."

Certainly no one disputes the claim that Carmichael wears on one of his T-shirts: TALLEST TARGET IN TOWN. Especially not Eagle Quarterback Ron Jaworski, in the heat of a heavy pass rush, he says, finding Harold is as easy as "throwing to a giraffe in a cherry picker." Trouble is, says Carmichael, "I'm just as big a target for the defense, too. They don't have to search for me. It's not like I get lost like a lot of those other receivers. I'm easier to pick out."

And gang up on with double and triple coverage. While that tactic tends to free the Eagles' other top pass receivers—Charles Smith, Keith Kepple and Wilbert Montgomery coming out of the backfield—it also means that in many games the tallest target has only five or so passes thrown his way. "The multiple coverage makes it tough to get the ball," Carmichael admits. "I've faced all kinds—in and out, short and long, line-backers over my head. It's tough. Those guys are like nagging flies."

On 17 different occasions during The Streak, in fact, the swarm has held Carmichael to one catch. His closest call came last season when the Redskins' rangiest defensive back, 6'4" Joe Lavender, played him man to man and a freelancer and two covered him long. On Carmichael like a Siamese twin, Lavender had a shut-out going until deep into the fourth quarter. Then, with just five minutes remaining, Carmichael slipped free long enough to grab a 26-yard "streak keeper."

Was Vermeil aware that The Streak was in jeopardy. "Heck yes," he says. "It's a very significant record."

In a similar situation, would he consider throwing a quick dump pass to Carmichael to keep The Streak alive? "Damn right I would," he says. "If you're going to throw the ball, why not throw it to your best receiver?"

Like, say, on a Quick 444 Stop, a play that calls for Carmichael to take one step forward, two steps back and then get the

ball. Says Vermeil, "We get into that formation just for him because he's such a strong, physical runner. It's just a quick screen, but it's damn near surefire." Jaworski says, "If it boils down to a situation where he needs a catch, we'll get him the ball some way."

It came to that just three weeks ago when Lavender & Co. again blanked Carmichael through three quarters. Up by 21 points early in the final quarter, the Eagles could risk throwing into the crowd of hit men who were escorting Carmichael across the middle, and he responded with a reception for an 11-yard gain **PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/PHILADELPHIA JOURNAL**

HAROLD KEEPS STREAK ALIVE
"I'm coached not to throw into double coverage," says Jaworski. "But Coach Vermeil sent the play in and said, 'Stick it in there to Harold no matter what the coverage.' So I was happy to oblige. Hey, I'm much more aware of The Streak than Harold is. I sure wouldn't want to be the guy to snap The Streak by not getting the ball to him."

There are a lot of gunslingers who want to be the Guy Who Snapped the Streak. "The younger defensive backs, they're the ones anxious to get the rep. be the one who stops you," says Carmichael. "And they let you know it, saying, 'We're gonna shut you out today, Carmichael. We're gonna kick your butt.' Stuff like that." He replies not, figuring that the best squelcher is a timely reception. "That usually shuts them up."

Now if only all those other well-meaning folks would hush up about how much easier and more effective it would be if Jaworski would forget the hand-off business and just play toss with Gulliver all afternoon. The Eagles do have a play they call Geronimo. "It's a desperation thing," Jaworski says. "The receivers run to a designated area and I just heave it out there as high as I can and hope something happens. It can work, especially when you have somebody like Harold down there. It's like a jump ball in basketball and, with his height, he can make things happen."

Then there's the Alley Oop. A deadly efficient play inside the 10-yard line, it calls for Jaworski to lob the ball into the end zone and for Carmichael to demonstrate why they call football a game of inches. In full leap, Harold cuts an equally impressive figure in the air on the quick sideline patterns.

The problem is, those wily defenders **continued**



Carmichael's 9½-inch hands are built for latching onto footballs

primary job is to catch passes, and if I do my job, The Streak will take care of itself." Nonetheless, as it has grown, so too has the burden of sustaining it. "This isn't just any record," says Danny Abramowicz, the receiver for the New Orleans Saints and San Francisco 49ers who set the previous mark of 105 before retiring in 1974. "A lot of records, some guy can have a great game and never do anything again. But this one, you have to do it day in and day out. You have to stay healthy. If you get hurt after one play, it's broken."

Considering the other problems today's receivers must contend with—gang coverage, rotating zones, artificial turf, longer seasons and bigger, faster defensive backs, not to mention weather variables and just plain bad luck—Abramowicz concludes, "I don't think anyone is going to break Harold Carmichael's record. Let's face it, Carmichael is devas-



Hiram Walker Amaretto.
Ahh, how it crackles
with the sensuous flavor
of exotic almonds!

For a free recipe booklet, write: Hiram Walker Cordinals,
Dept. BA, P.O. Box 33006, Detroit, Mich. 48232.

© 1989 Amaretto Crema Liqueur. © Pross Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., San Francisco, Calif.

8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt, is shown from the chest up. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand, with smoke rising from it. He has a slight, knowing smile on his face.

Golden Lights. You really know you're smoking.

Give up double digit tar. But don't give up the pleasure.

Kings and 100s.
Regular and menthol.



**Golden
Lights**

like to do some fancy cutting of their own down around the knees, which explains why the Eagles don't throw the high pass to Carmichael 28 times a game. "Occasionally, you can do it," says Jaworski, "but any more than occasionally and Harold will be spending most of his time in the hospital."

In deference to his health, Carmichael hastens to add, "If we threw the Alley Oop all game long, I wouldn't be able to get up. People don't notice those defensive guys undercutting you, going for the knees, hitting on you. Plus, the lob pass is the riskiest of all. The defense has time to react, go for the ball, get a deflection. Spare me. I want to play the next down."

As it is, with more teams practicing the "Sequoia ax," a defensive play specifically designed to chop Carmichael down to size, he feels unnaturally "blessed" to have survived this long. Even so, the hurts are such that he and his wife, Bea, have been thinking about selling their two-story home in Cherry Hill, N.J. and finding something on one level. "After a game, when I'm sore, it's tough getting up and down those steps," he says.

Like all pro receivers, Carmichael has the cherished "good hands." Not the good hands of the Allstate Insurance people; one look and Allstate would never underwrite them. They are bumpy hands, bent, scraped and so "achy" because of the various cracked bones, bruised ligaments and dislocated fingers Carmichael has suffered over the years that he sometimes has trouble wringing out a washcloth. He also shies away from shaking hands; having once been broken, the joint of his right thumb is almost as big as a golf ball, and still sensitive. "I don't know," Carmichael says. "I always seem to be banging my fingers on somebody's helmet."

And they are huge hands, measuring 9½" from the palms to the tips of his middle fingers. Indeed, when Carmichael makes the one-handed catch he calls The Stab, he resembles a man plucking a lemon from a tree. "They're my living," he says, studying his hands as if they were curious objects d'art. And because they are, in a way, he has lately taken to wearing protective "catcher's mitts," golf gloves swabbed with stickum.

Jaworski is called the Polish Rifle for good reason, and while the gloves may not take all of the sting out of his high hard one, Carmichael prefers the "stuff ball" to the soft. "Helps me concentrate,



Carmichael credits wife Bea and son Lee for helping him to mature after years of negative thinking

stay alert," he says. "When Ronnie throws, you have to get your head around quicker. If you don't, he'll take it off."

As for the linebackers who practice another kind of beheading ritual when he cuts across the middle, Carmichael isn't without recourse. Unlike most wide receivers, he loves to block. And whether he is "putting the blade" on opponents with his scythe-like forearms or throwing the full force of his 225 pounds into a cross-body block, he seems to really believe that it's better to give than to receive. Averaging two knock-down blocks a game, he is the subject of a training film that Eagle coaches show to rookies for inspirational purposes. Vermeil says, "Harold blocks so well we often use him as a second tight end. I've seen him dump linebackers. I mean cut them down. He can really uncoil, I'll tell you."

For all his Iron Man ways, though, Carmichael wears his heart on his 39-inch sleeve. "His big weakness is that when things go badly, he pouts, gets down on himself," says Vermeil. "He feels he's not living up to his teammates' expectations."

Worse, Carmichael feels that he must live down the supposed stigma that goes with being the "tallest Eagle that flies." He says, "I really don't think that a man's size determines his ability. If being big is all it takes, then why don't more guys quit basketball and take up football? Peo-

ple have been coming up to me for years, saying, 'Look at your hands, look at how tall you are. You should catch every pass that's thrown at you.' Well, it's not that easy. It looks like it should be, I know that. But anybody who thinks it's easy never played this game."

"I really believe height makes no difference. I know people are going to say that's silly. Sure, I use my size to shield myself whenever I can, but there are only about a half dozen times in an entire season when my height has been the difference between catching a pass and not catching it. There's so much more involved. You still have to run your routes correctly, beat great athletes and have the ball thrown where you can catch it."

"I can't help my height. I'm not out there because I'm 6'8". I worked hard for this. So did the guys on the other side. People forget about them. They get paid, too. People don't see them knocking my arms, stripping the ball away. My height advantage unfair? Not when they're hitting me."

It was a band master who laid the first licks on Carmichael, in Jacksonville, Fla. His mother, who recalls that Harold was of ordinary height "and then one night he just jumped up," insisted that he play the trombone, which he did, "poorly," he recalls. "We had a conductor who would rap you on the head with his baton every time you hit a sour note. I got

continued

rapped a lot. That's when I first learned about playing with pain."

In high school, as a 6'6" quarterback and wide receiver on the "worst team in our school's history," Carmichael quite literally reached out and grabbed the only college scholarship offer that came his way. "We were throwing the ball around the gym one afternoon and a buddy of mine uncorked the wildest pass you ever saw," he says. "I went up and stabbed it with one hand and, wouldn't you know, a scouting friend of our coach was watching at that exact moment."

On the theory that anyone his size must be either a basketball center or a tight end, Carmichael was assigned to both positions at Southern University in Baton Rouge. Though he spent more time blocking than running pass patterns in his senior year, he expected that his size and his 4.7 speed would serve him well in the 1971 NFL draft. "I was thinking maybe third round and \$30,000 a year and a Lincoln Continental," he says. When the Eagles finally came calling, it was the seventh round, \$13,500 and a Buick Electra.

Carmichael spent his first two seasons with the Eagles as a backup wide receiver and tight end. He didn't begin to refine his talents until 1973, when he became a fulltime starter and a charter member of the Fire High Gang. With Quarterback

Roman Gabriel doing the firing, Carmichael teamed with Charlie Young and Don Zimmerman, both in the 6'4" range, to form an unholy trinity of receivers who would go to any heights to make their presence felt. Each tried to outdo the others with all manner of windmilling spikes and end-zone theatrics, a contest that the "H-Bomb," as Carmichael was called in those days, won in a walk.

Or, more precisely, a strut. One day, when he broke free and caught a pass with 40 yards of clear sailing ahead, Carmichael jubilantly held the ball aloft in one hand and then, for the pièce de résistance, turned around and strutted the last 10 yards backward. When they struck the set at Veterans Stadium that season, Carmichael was the league's leading receiver with 67 receptions.

Expected to repeat in 1974, he struggled under that burden and his receptions fell off to 56. But, he was playing the role of super receiver with flair, tooling around in a fire-engine-red Coupe de Ville with opera windows shaped like footballs and the license plate *VIRGO 17*—his zodiac sign and jersey number. He made the disco scene decked out in wide-brimmed hats, maxi coats and stacked heels that pushed his height over 7 feet.

Inevitably, there was talk that Carmichael's partying was affecting his game, especially in 1975, when the Eagles stumbled through a woeful 4-10 season. "When things go bad, people think that's the reason—he was out all night," Carmichael says. "There were times when I was out all night, but most were Mondays, and we had Tuesdays off. A majority of the young players in the league go through that kind of period, and I was no different."

As the Eagles' woes worsened, the fans vented their frustrations on the tallest target. For the first time, Carmichael heard boos from the stands. Signs were held up: CARMICHAEL COULDN'T CATCH A COLD. "People jumped all over me," he says. "They said that I dropped every ball thrown to me, that I was scared. It hurt. When I went out to play, I went out for myself and the fans. It was just like having a dog that you feed bite you. That was the time when I wanted to quit, leave Philadelphia. I didn't

think I could play there anymore."

His confidence shaken, Carmichael's receptions slipped to 49 in 1975. "Nobody knew exactly what was going on with me, how much I was trying to work," he says. "That might have been my problem. I'd drop a ball, and I'd wonder if I'm doing my steps right, and there'd be 70,000 fans booing me—and I'd drop another one."

At the time, Eagle Coach Mike McCormack said of Carmichael, "Sooo, so sensitive. We try anything. Clunk him, get on his back. Blow in his ear. Bench him. Start him again. I hope that maybe he can grow up." Enter Dick Vermeil in 1976. "I don't think Carmichael realizes what he can do, how devastating he can be," Vermeil said.

Thinking positively, Carmichael has since become a symbol of the resurgence of the Eagles. He is a new man. No big mystery, he says. "You get older. You mature a lot. Everybody has to do it sometime." Nevertheless, Carmichael was hurried along by five significant events in his life. He got married ("No, sports fans," the *Journal* reported, "Carmichael did not drop the ring"). He fathered a son, Lee, now 20 months. He was elected team captain. He became active in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. And he signed with the Eagles through 1982, becoming their highest-paid player.

What's left? "My biggest goal is to go out with a Super Bowl ring," says Carmichael. "If we were to get to the Super Bowl, you can erase everything about The Streak." And if the tallest target were to score a touchdown in the big game? Well, he has this fantasy: "If I score," he vows, "I'm going to throw the ball out!" Out? "Yes, you know, over the wall, out of the stadium."

Carmichael has been practicing. Known for his prodigious arm, he can throw the ball 50 yards underhand and 35 yards behind his back. "I threw one 105 yards in college," he says, "and I can still put it out there 90, 95 even now."

Regrettably, the fantasy failed to take into account the fact that this year's game—Super Bowl XV—will be played in the Superdome, which has no walls to throw over. So Carmichael has revised his throw. If he scores a touchdown on Super Sunday, he says, he will wheel and throw the Ultimate All-Time Reverse Spike into the opposite end zone.

Watch for it, America. And you too, Travolta.



The Tallest Target in Town gets set to grab another one

NO RUM REFLECTS PUERTO RICO LIKE RONRICO.

Puerto Rico is the Rum Island, the world's foremost rum-producing region. And Ronrico is the rum—authentic Puerto Rican rum since 1860. Ronrico's smooth, light taste has been the pride of six generations of Puerto Rican rum masters. One sip will tell you why.

**RONRICO: AUTHENTIC
RUM OF PUERTO RICO.**



General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C. 40 proof

When Charles Bradley was a child, his mother called him "Tub" because he was wider than he was high. Today the tub holds a full load: 6' 5", 215 pounds of muscle upon rippling muscle. Bradley's short bulldog nose, dark mustache and furrowed brow give him a game face that clearly says, "Don't mess with me." If Bradley were a football player, the announcer would say he was "looking for someone to hit."

But because Bradley's game is basketball—he is a guard for the University of Wyoming—the chances are the hurt will be laid on the backboard. "I've shattered two backboards and torn down I don't know how many rims," he says. "I tell myself, 'Don't throw it down so hard,' but it doesn't seem hard to me. I don't think I'm mean, I just like to establish my physicalness quickly."

And woe to the man who gets in his way. "We have a couple of plays where we lob it up to the basket and he jams that sucker right in there," says Cowboys Coach Jim Brandenburg. "One time somebody's going to go up with him to try and stop it, and Charles will break the guy's arm and slam it through the rim with the ball."

Aggressive play—he had 14 slam dunks in unbeaten Wyoming's first four games—has helped make Bradley a two-time All-Western Athletic Conference performer. Last season he outpolled some far more publicized players like Brigham Young's Danny Ainge and Utah's Danny Vranes.

For all his pugnacity on the court, Bradley is a peaceable man off it. He even wears glasses and plays chess, for goodness sake. Polite and respectful, he says "Sir" and "Ma'am" to adults. Kids love him. His major is elementary education and he serves as a teacher's aide in two Laramie schools. "I've never worked with a star athlete before so I was worried about how he'd fit in," says Mrs. Ruth Wilson, a teacher. "But with these kids he's only been kind and gentle." Says Glenna Barrett, a 9-year-old pupil, "He's nice. I like him. We have fun." Bradley's affinity for kids has made him something of a Pied Piper, attracting smiles

and waves in stores and supermarkets and mobs of little friends after games.

Returning from Nebraska on Nov. 29, after a game in which he contributed 14 points to a 62-59 overtime victory, Bradley took the sons of the coaching staff to his apartment to spend the night. "They cooked popcorn and watched television and he brought them to practice the next day," says Brandenburg. "He's truly a class person, a son to me and my family."

"I feel a responsibility to children, and fortunately I'm in a position where they listen to me and care about what I have to say," Bradley says. One of six brothers and sisters, Bradley, 21, grew up in Edgewood, Md., about 15 miles northeast of Baltimore. Although his father died when he was two, Charles found role models in his three older brothers, William, Carl and Dudley. In 1974-75, Charles, Carl and Dudley all started on an Edgewood High team that won a state championship. Tragically, barely a month later Carl died of a heart attack during a recreation league game. Dudley went on to star at North Carolina and now plays for the Indiana Pacers. William, a graduate of Towson (Md.) State, is applying to law school.

When it was time for Charles to choose a college, he rejected North Carolina because "I had always been 'Dudley's little brother,' and that was his school. I needed to go somewhere I could grow up on my own."

He found it some 1,600 miles away from home, at the foot of the Snowy Range in Wyoming. After the spring break in his freshman year, Bradley discovered that the coach who recruited him, Don DeVoe, had moved on to Tennessee. And he was still trying to adjust to Western life in Laramie.



Bradley's major requires him to work as a teacher's aide

Small fry love the tough guy

Charles Bradley of Wyoming may be a real intimidator on the court, but off it, he can be very friendly, yes he can

continued

"After my freshman year I just wanted to get out," Bradley recalls. "There was no downtown, no social life and the program was down in the dirt. Then Coach Brindenburg came in."

As Bradley became more comfortable with Western ways, his scoring average rose from 13.7 as a freshman to 15.7 as a sophomore to 19.1 last year. So far this season it's 16.5. "I just realized that by being in Laramie I had to make a big sacrifice," he says. "Stuff like a downtown and social life aren't important now. I've got school and basketball, which I wouldn't have if I took the wine and women. Now I just stay home a lot."

Home for Bradley is an off-campus apartment he shares with teammate Kenneth Ollie. With its wall-to-wall carpeting, stereo system and 23-inch color television, in addition to the portable color set and king-sized waterbed in his bedroom, there's little reason for Bradley to want to go anywhere else. There's still enough of the city kid in Bradley that he only recently bought his first pair of Wrangler jeans and cowboy boots, explaining, "They're in style now so I can get away with wearing them back East."

When Bradley returns to Maryland in the summer, he plays in Washington, D.C.'s Urban Coalition League with Dudley. Although big bro' is the pro, Charles supplies the muscle. "I don't think I can really get hurt, but I worry about him," Charles says. "I tell other teams that they can cheap-shot me all they want, but don't mess with Dudley."

At Wyoming, as a tri-captain and self-appointed team leader, Bradley screams instructions to teammates and is free with advice to opponents, too. Given his size, no one is likely to take much offense. "I think my size scares 'em, but the only time I feel mean is when I'm having a bad game," Bradley says. "Then I get upset and want to go out and break the backboard."

But sometimes the backboard doesn't give, as Bradley discovered last Thursday in a 73-51 win over Stanford. Although the Cowboys held a commanding lead, Bradley hadn't played particularly well, scoring only three points in the first half. He tried to zone early in the second half on a breakaway after a steal. Bradley shook the crowd at Memorial Fieldhouse with a thunderous dunk, but almost knocked himself unconscious in the process by banging his head on the bolts that

attach the rim to the backboard. He returned briefly near the end of the game, sporting a huge knot over his left eye. "All I remember was going after the ball and then sitting on the bench and asking if we were winning," Bradley said afterward. "I guess I'll have to get off on the second floor instead of jumping all the way to the fourth from now on."

With that, Charles Bradley reached into his locker, put on his glasses and went back into the arena to say "Hi" to his little friends.

THE WEEK

(December 1-7)

by HERM WEISKOPF

EAST "I used my Knute Rockne speech No. 116 on Friday and it bombed out. Tonight I just told them, 'Let's go out and play basketball.'" So said North Carolina State's new coach, Jim Valvano, after the Big Four tournament. Valvano, who rattles off one-liners faster than his Wolfpack can score points, suffered through an 87-57 first-round wipeout by Wake Forest and then took third place by beating Duke 74-60. North Carolina, which warmed up for this affair by stopping Mercer 89-74, made it to the finals by edging Duke 78-76 on two late foul shots. In the title game, Wake Forest won 82-71 after having led by as many as 22 points. With MVP Frank Johnson scoring 24 points against the Tar Heels, the Deacons wrapped up the 11th and last All-North Carolina tournament by finishing first for the fourth time, more than any other team.

Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell's plan against Syracuse in the finals of the Carrier Classic was to "get the lead with man-to-man and then go zone." And that's precisely what the Terps did. The Orangemen, up by as many as eight points in the first half, fell behind 52-50 and then had their inside game bottled up by Maryland's zone. MVP Greg Manning of the Terps had 21 points in what turned out to be an 83-73 victory over Syracuse and 29 in a 96-73 win over Wagner.

Virginia, which for years had to scramble for its victories at William & Mary, this time won there with ease, 88-68. The Cavaliers attributed their runaway to the Indian fans, who fired them up with taunts. Ralph Sampson, the target of most of those taunts, attempted to silence his critics with a behind-the-back pass into their midst. Virginia also beat Randolph-Macon, 83-52, Sampson getting six dunks and 26 points, 19 in the first 10 minutes.

Bill Foster was the winning coach at Clemson won 82-69 at South Carolina. Bill Foster was also the losing coach in that game. Both

had cause to believe they would win. The Gamecocks' Foster (William E.) felt his team might pull the game out because Zam Fredrick scored 20 of his 28 points in the second half and helped trim a 16-point deficit to four. Bill Foster of the Tigers (William C.), though, wound up smiling because his players cashed in on 16 of 17 free throws in the final four minutes. Three days earlier Clemson's Foster had dislocated his left shoulder using a chain saw. By the time he arrived at that night's game against Sanford, his Tigers, playing under the guidance of assistant Dwight Riney, were well on their way to a 102-59 lougher.

South Alabama played four games, starting at home with a win over Wacoins-Parkside 90-75 and then being shocked by Middle Tennessee State 80-79. Next it was on to the Worcester County National Classic, where the Jaguars got 27 points from Ed Rains while knocking off Assumption 77-66 and 24 points from Rory White while blowing out host Holy Cross 77-53 in the finale.

Georgetown's Eric (Sleepy) Floyd, who has predicted he will someday have a perfect shooting record in a game, almost did it during a 108-73 drubbing of St. Leo's. Floyd sank all 11 of his field-goal tries and two of three foul shots. Against Wheeling, which succumbed 94-58, Sleepy was again wide awake, putting in seven of 11 from the floor and six of seven free throws.

St. John's built a 23-16 lead over Princeton, but then had its inside game shut off by a collapsing zone. The patent Tigers, winless in their two previous outings, wound up handing the Redmen their first loss, 47-46.

At home and away, Frank Brickowski had a hot hand for Penn State. He scored 22 points as the Nittany Lions beat Southern Methodist 72-50 and hit on nine of 11 floor shots as they won 61-54 at Indiana State.

MIDEAST "He might be the best player in basketball, but nobody's beyond reproach," said DePaul Coach Ray Meyer as he explained why he chewed out Mark Aguirre in the second half of a game with Gonzaga. Meyer, angered by his team's lackadaisical play, landed on Aguirre after he "threw the ball away three times in a row." Aguirre, who scored 26 points as the Blue Demons won that game 74-56, got back in Meyer's good graces even though he scored just 14 in an 88-71 victory over Santa Clara five days later. What pleased Meyer so much was Aguirre's "phenomenal" passing and his willingness not to take a shot "for eight or nine minutes." Said Aguirre, "I just wanted to get my guys into the offense. I don't want to dominate the game."

Nate Dame flattened up on Montana State 87-68. Texas Christian 79-63 and Cal Poly Pomona 76-50. Kelly Trippack of the Irish increased his scoring average to 20.0 with 68 points in the three games.

Michigan's rookie coach, Bill Frieder,

continued

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Vantage

The ultimate point
in low tar taste

FILTER 9 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
MENTHOL 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine.
FILTER 100's 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg.
nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.



This Christmas, Give A Masterpiece.

Your friends will enjoy a toast of "Turkey" for the Christmas celebration. As 101-Proof, Wild Turkey® is a recognized masterpiece—America's finest native whiskey. You'll find it dressed for Christmas in an elegant gift carton.

To send a gift of Wild Turkey call toll free 800 327 0243 (two bottle minimum)

©1991 Austin Nichols Distilling Co.

© 1990 AUSTIN NICHOLS DISTILLING CO.
CHARLOTTE, NC 28203

**WILD
TURKEY**
101 PROOF

Austin Nichols



**WILD
TURKEY**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY

Produced by Austin Nichols Distilling Company, Louisville, KY

101 PROOF **8** YEARS OLD





Another before-dinner treat for those who prefer America's finest whiskey at a lower proof—86.8 Proof Wild Turkey. It's also packaged ready for giving, in a striking holiday carton.



The world's finest whiskey in the world's finest crystal by Baccarat.

This decanter masterpiece—containing 101 Proof Wild Turkey—comes in a "Captain's chest" of hand-hewn wood with a hand-rubbed finish. Inspired by early American decanters, it's a true family heirloom. About \$250. (For further information, call toll-free 800-228-5000. Nebraska residents call 800-642-8777.)



For collectors of Americana (and connoisseurs of Wild Turkey), America's great native bird is commemorated in this limited edition ceramic decanter filled with 101-Proof Wild Turkey. It's a handsome "conversation piece" and an ideal Christmas gift. Beautifully boxed.



After dinner, savor the "Sippin' Sweet Cream" taste of Wild Turkey Liqueur. Of the world's great liqueurs, only one is made in America—Wild Turkey Liqueur. Now you can serve Turkey after dinner too! Elegantly gift-packaged. 80 Proof.



THE ACME WEST



Where's the
Acme® West?

It's wherever men
demand boots of
quality, toughness
and style.

It's wherever the
spirit of the West
lives on in the way
people dress and the
way they feel.

That's where the
Acme West is.
Welcome to it.

ACME BOOT COMPANY INC. PO BOX 774 CLARKVILLE TENNESSEE 37040 BURLINGTON NORTHWEST INDUSTRIES INC OR CALL TOLL FREE 800 233 5357 (EXCEPT IN TEXAS)

acme®

Acme's making the great Western boots.

paced the locker room before facing Arkansas, and his concern deepened when his team fell behind 17-9. Then came a convenient TV time-out, which Frieder exploited by switching his defense from a zone to man-to-man. Zungo—the Wolverines' surly things around, led 34-27 at halftime and won 78-65 as Mike McGee got 23 points. During a 64-52 triumph at Kansas, McGee had 28 points.

After Iowa defeated Detroit 98-55, Coach Luke Olson gave his "best-game" award to 6'10" Steve Krafstin, even though he had been outscored by teammate Vince Brooks 27-2. Olson's rationale was that "Krafstin had seven assists, stole the ball five times, had no errors and Brooks got a lot of points off of Big K's assists." Ohio State, down 36-24 at the half, stopped Colgate 77-58. Another Big Ten power, Minnesota, downed Florida State 112-91 and Loyola of Chicago 100-83.

Guards Ethan Martin and Willie Sims provided the firepower as Louisiana State beat Tulane, 119-81, for the 19th straight time. Martin equaled the Tiger record for assists with 16, turned all six of his steals into baskets and scored 23 points. Sims came off the bench, flicked in 13 points in less than four minutes and wound up with 19.

Bradley had no such easy time at Illinois State, squandering an 11-point lead and being tied at 68-68. But Redbird freshman Hank Comley, who scored 14 of his 16 points during State's surge, fouled out with 4:50 left, and the Braves went on to win 72-70.

MIDWEST "I did a heck of a job and I'm going to take credit for it," said Tulsa's new coach, Nolan Richardson, after a 68-60 upset of visiting Louisville. Much of the credit Richardson was unabashedly willing to accept centered on four players he wisely brought with him from Western Texas, last season's junior college champions. Those four—starters Paul Pressey, Greg Stewart and David Brown, plus sixth man Phil Spradling—learned up for 48 points. The Cardinals hardly looked like reigning Division I trifists as they committed a school-record 35 turnovers and shot 39% from the field. It wasn't a work of art that the Golden Hurricane put together, either, but greyhound speed helped make up for 27 turnovers, 12 blown layups, 10 missed foul shots in 22 tries and a 45-34 case of the shorts in rebounding. Tulsa pulled away from a 50-50 tie, sank five straight free throws to go in from 64-60 and then got a rousing dunk from Brown. "They thought we were a bunch of rooky-foots—weak inside—so we had to show 'em we have heart," Brown said.

Two days later, Oklahoma State's Cowboys also utilized Louisville to prove they weren't a bunch of rooky-foots. The Cardinals led 41-29 after 20 minutes and 66-61 with five minutes to go. With four seconds left and his team down by one point, Eddie Hannon of the Cowboys rebounded a missed Louisville

SI TOP 20

1. DePAUL (3-0)	1*
2. MARYLAND (4-0)	2
3. KENTUCKY (3-0)	3
4. UCLA (3-0)	7
5. OREGON STATE (3-0)	6
6. INDIANA (2-1)	5
7. VIRGINIA (4-0)	8
8. NOTRE DAME (3-1)	10
9. LAS VEGAS (2-0)	13
10. IOWA (3-1)	9
11. OHIO STATE (2-1)	11
12. TEXAS A&M (2-0)	12
13. BRADLEY (2-0)	14
14. LOUISIANA ST. (3-1)	16
15. CLEMSON (4-0)	19
16. MISSOURI (4-1)	20
17. WAKE FOREST (4-0)	—
18. N. CAROLINA (5-1)	16
19. ARIZONA ST. (2-0)	—
20. WICHITA ST. (4-0)	—

*Last week

foul shot, drove up the middle, got one stride across midcourt and heaved a one-handed prayerball. The 45-footer banked off the backboard and through the net for Hannon's only field goal of the game and a 72-71 Oklahoma State triumph. That left Louisville a hard-to-believe 0-3. Once again, the Cardinals were ragged, being guilty of 27 turnovers and missing half their 42 free throws. And the Cowboys won despite being outscored 52-39 and playing most of the way without their finest athlete—foul-plagued Matt Clark.

Texas A&M trailed Texas Southern 25-24 at the half before a change of tactics produced a 61-50 Aggie victory. After a futile first half spent trying to shoot over the Tri-

ple first round of the tournament, Wichita State got its act together for a 91-66 victory in the title matchup. Colorado State incurred the wrath of Shocker rosters by playing a delay game. That scuttled any hope of free burgers at Wendy's, which serves them up whenever Wichita State reaches 100 points. The stalling also gave fans fewer chances to get free T-shirts, which are thrown their way after each Shocker stuff. Anyway, the crowd was happy with Cliff Livingston's 24 points and a 53-34 Wichita State triumph.

BIG SET-IT IS BACK, say the billboards at Missouri. Fans had difficulty swallowing that hype after the Tigers' shaky 2-1 start, but last week's romp through the Show-Me Classic made the slogan more palatable. A pair of two-handed big stuffs by 6'11" Steve Stipanovich helped Mizou down West Texas State 88-70, and his 25 points and 10 rebounds did in Lamar 92-70 in the show-down game.

WEST With the halftime score 57-40, UCLA Coach Larry Brown exonerated his players in the locker room. Who was beating the Bruins so badly? No one. UCLA was ahead of St. Mary's by that score. Then why was Brown ranting? Well, he seems to believe that halftime chew-outs are mandatory. Besides, he felt his team was gambling too much on defense and not sticking to fundamentals on offense. Properly chastised, the Bruins outscored the Gaels 30-7 early in the second half and won 113-70.

"I ripped them good at halftime," said Nevada-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian of his intemperate oratory. "We just didn't pass at all in the first half." Like Brown, Tarkanian got results, his Rebels rallying from a 49-48 deficit against UC-Irvine for a 124-95 victory. "The second half was team ball," said Larry Anderson, who pumped in 25 points for Vegas. In an assault that ate up the Amcats, Sidney Green had 18 points and 15 rebounds, and Michael Burns scored 19 of his 21 points in the second half.

Oregon State also came from behind to win, 82-76 at Pepperdine, where the Waves sank 19 of their last 21 first-half shots to take a 42-37 lead. Bill Sadler, who hit on 11 of 12 field-goal attempts and had 24 points, put Pepperdine in front 66-65 by sinking three straight baskets. But the Beavers prevailed by shooting 80% in the second half. Steve Johnson, who scored 23 points for Oregon State in that game, had 21 in an earlier 78-47 defeat of Cal State-Northridge.

Arizona State came on in the second half, too, to take the finale of the Fiesta Classic by toppling Iowa 96-88. Eleven points in a row by the Sun Devils early in the second half gave them a decisive nine-point cushion. Lafayette (La) Lever had 21 points, 13 assists, five steals and two blocked shots, but the MVP was teammate Byron Scott, who scored 20 points in that game and 19 in an opening-round 92-71 rout of Montana State. **END**

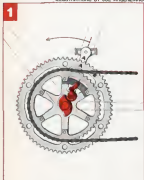
PLAYER OF THE WEEK

PAUL PRESSEY: Tulsa's junior guard had 11 points, nine rebounds, eight assists and five steals during a 68-60 upset of Louisville, and he hounded Oklahoma into an 84-75 loss with his deft ball handling and playmaking.

gers' zone. A&M checked its offbeat 1-4 attack and put in a second guard, freshman Reggie Roberts. With Roberts and Tyrone Ladson doing most of the ball handling, the Aggies shot more discretely.

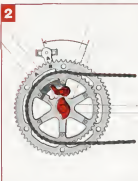
There's nothing like a summer of touring Yugoslavia to rid a basketball team of its selfishness. At least that's the opinion around Wichita State, whose Shockers had done so. Displaying new togetherness, the Wichitans drubbed Hardin-Simmons 105-46 and took the McDonald Classic on their home court. After lapsing into some bad old habits and trailing McNeese State by six midway through

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE ARDENZANO



1 The Selectocam, viewed from the left. A roller arm attached to the inner chain ring rides against a fixed cam. Unlike normal chain rings, these can "float," or rotate in relation to the crank arms.

2 As the pedal goes over top center, the chain rings move forward from the AA to the AB position. They return to AA, and the bottom cam lobe triggers an identical process for the left pedal's downstroke.



New kick for the old bike

Floating the notion that the modern bicycle could be developed no further, inventor Lerry Brown is talking breakthrough with an ingenious "cam" bike

By now it is a pretty thoroughly appreciated fact that a man on a bicycle is the most energy-efficient apparatus on God's earth. By its use of wheel, lever and chain, the bicycle multiplies the effect of man's exertions by a factor of about five, depending on how it is figured and by whom. The odds against significantly improving the modern bicycle have seemed long. Multiple gearing was the last major technological breakthrough, and that goes back to the turn of the century, at which time one Rudolphe Muller defeated Edouard

Fischer, a noted competition cyclist, in a mountainous 150-mile match race—Muller had two speeds, Fischer one. But since the perfection of the derailleur system in the '50s, the bicycle has been viewed as the javelin has. There it was, with little you could do but refine it—take off a few ounces here and there and play with frame angles.

However, because skyrocketing fuel costs and the idea of combining exercise with free transportation have sparked a steady climb in bicycle sales and use, the inventors are back at it. They are in good

company. Between Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) and the Wright brothers, bike tinkers came up with many of the later refinements of the industrial revolution: the ball bearing, chain drive, spoked wheel, aerospace tubing—the airplane itself, in fact—and the bamboo bicycle. To say nothing of the 60-pound iron tricycle for Victorian ladies.

One line of recent research has concentrated on reducing wind resistance, spawning long, low machines with radical fairings that enclose the rider. These exotic wind-tunnel creations do indeed move much faster than ordinary bicycles. Tandem versions have surpassed 60 mph under favorable conditions. But general road use is hampered by some very basic difficulties. To begin with, the streamlined vehicles are two or three times heavier than a quality bike, which can weigh as little as 20 pounds if you're willing to pay the price. Also, the rider, being enclosed, eventually suffers from the heat, and on hills the combination of added weight and reduced cooling has been a problem. Finally, side-wind handling characteristics can make these machines much more unstable than the conventional bike.

Inventor Lerry Brown of Honolulu has gone a different route, starting with a careful look at the pedaling process—what the legs actually do in moving a bicycle. That study has led him to the cam drive, which may be the real leap forward. Brown, 54, is an MIT graduate and a past president of a Swiss-based international management consulting firm with such clients as Bosch, Swissair and Krupp. In World War II he was a Special Forces man for the Allies, assigned by British Intelligence to Moscow, and was wounded five times in action. Brown is a methodical man, and in his campaign to prove the superiority of the cam-driven bicycle, he has developed a convincing body of evidence.

continued



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKY - A BLEND OF PROOF 40° FINEST 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF)

...and one for me.

Seagram's 7 Crown makes the ideal gift for everyone on your list. But we suggest you set aside an extra bottle for yourself. After all that shopping, you deserve it!

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

Can you look this man straight in the eye
and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?



Brown's well-supported conclusion about the mechanics of pedaling is that the legs do their thing mainly on a limited portion of the pedal stroke—that about 50% to 70% of the downstroke provides most of the energy propelling most riders. Independent researchers working with untrained riders tend to agree. Brown is convinced that even the use of toe clips and straps to produce power on the upstroke doesn't accomplish much; his idea is simply to make better use of the rider's energy, mainly from the long thigh muscles, when it is naturally available—on the fat part of the downstroke. In this, Brown goes up against a good deal of current thinking, particularly on the part of competitive riders who have long worked at "spinning"—making the motion of their pedaling style smooth and circular to get more use from other muscles. Cycling sage John Krausz has, in fact, defined the art of cycling as making perfect little circles with your feet. It has never been proved in a lab that riders really increase efficiency by doing this, and Brown isn't the first to see an advantage in a different kind of pedal stroke. Before the turn of the century, an elliptical chain ring had been developed. It has virtually disappeared, tending, as it did, to slip off the sprocket at high rpm. Also, like the cam, it played a little trick: it constantly changed the effective gearing. In consequence, pedal resistance also varied: after the downstroke, the pedal seemed to skip forward, creating an irregular motion. To accomplished riders this was disconcerting, but those without preconceptions often found it agreeable, because it was based on the natural inclination to thrust or lunge at the pedals, rather than to spin. With the cam, the motion is not rough, and according to Brown, the thrust is a more efficient use of the basic human musculature. He also suggests that the brief pause encountered in each stroke allows the muscles to relax, improving blood flow.

Easy to say, difficult to prove. Step one, in 1977, was an attempt at some U.S. time-trial records by Alan Kingsbery and Gary Holder, well-known competition riders. Until he had a severe accident in 1978, Kingsbery was a national medal holder, generally accepted as No. 1

in the U.S. in any event against the clock, and Holder was a respected national-class rider. Four records fell to a Brown cam-drive prototype, and interest grew. "It's different," said Kingsbery, sounding perplexed. "It's different, but, you know, it goes. You can really run big [high] gears with it." In the big leagues, big gears are the name of the game.

That machine, in a version called the BioCam produced by the Facet Company of Tulsa, was put on the market last spring. It's driven by a rod system—in contrast with the Selectocam, a subsequent Brown design, which is chain-driven—and it's expensive, \$1,500 for the standard model, \$1,900 for a Campagnolo-equipped version. Facet literature stresses the four records broken by Holder and Kingsbery, plus some perhaps more significant information on the riders' utilization of oxygen.

The ratio of oxygen consumed to a

given amount of work is a sacred figure in sports medicine. The Facet brochure indicates that while this consumption varies from minute to minute as the athlete warms up, it's definitely less than a derailleur bike requires. The average improvement appears to be about 14%. A breakthrough of this magnitude regarding such a well-researched device as the bicycle seems amazing, and Brown himself is more conservative. His guess is in the area of a 10% to 12% improvement over conventional drive, but even half that amount would be enough to make a cycling coach look up with interest. The reason, in competitive terms, is simple. In racing situations, a rider who would be going into oxygen debt on a conventional bicycle would be less likely to do so on a more efficient cam bicycle, and less likely to reap the painful dividend of anaerobic waste products, such as lactic acid.

Exercise physiologist Ed Burke, who is affiliated with the U.S. Cycling Federation, has also conducted tests, and has this to say: "We found that the bicycle we were working with had the cam somewhat out of adjustment, and we worked only a short time. But with all that, we did get positive results in terms of oxygen use—between 4% and 5% improvement (over conventional drive), even under the adverse conditions. I want to look into it more, with a properly set up bicycle and with the cam fitted for a particular rider, which Brown is working on."

Timothy Mickelson of the now-defunct American Sports-Medical Training Center in Englewood, N.J. got results that convinced him Brown had something, as did the Federation's national coach and director, Eddie Borysewicz. Eddie B., as he is known, is an émigré Pole who defected to the U.S. during the Montreal Olympics. He brought with him a background of success in international competition. In the mid-'70s Poland dominated the amateur sport as Russia does now. He's a difficult man to convince, but he was impressed by the results of cam-bike tests run in Colorado Springs on such outstanding athletes as Pan Am gold medalist Paul Deem and the remarkable Greg LeMond, whose record three medals in the junior world championships of 1979



Brown takes the Selectocam out for a spin in Honolulu.

continued



Gary Holder did early testing of the BioCam

CYCLING continued

had never been achieved by a road man in the history of the sport.

"We find lower pulse rate," says Borysewicz, in the pithy style of one still mastering English. "Always lower pulse rate for same amount work. Different results for different rider, but always lower pulse rate—three, four, five beats per minute." LeMond, at the top end of the scale, showed an improvement of 21 beats per minute over an 11-minute period. Borysewicz' conclusions, also tentative, were on the order of a possible 10% advantage with improved cams, and he, too, wanted to see more of Brown's machine. As an expert in the time trial this junior teams, anchored by LeMond, have taken two world bronzes in two years), Borysewicz saw a possible application in this event. And as luck would have it, the indefatigable Brown has recently gotten his Selectocam sanctioned for world competition.

But time trials and lab indications aren't road testing, and in 1979 quite a few people still continued to regard Brown and his cam bikes with skep-

ticism. Some pointed out that the records broken by Holder and Kingsbery were too old to count for much in the breaking, having been set on the bicycles of the day, over distances infrequently contested. Brown's answer was to get together with the Skunk River Bike Club of Ames, Iowa. Arrangements were quickly made to enter a Selectocam-equipped team in a unique cycling event known as Paris-Brest-Paris, a round-trip "race" between the two cities covering 750 miles.

Stemming from the same French tradition that produced the Tour de France, Paris-Brest-Paris is an exhausting competition. The winner generally takes a little less than two days to complete the distance, and it's hard to imagine a more complete test of man and machine in that space of time. Paris-Brest-Paris isn't a race in the usual sense, but a huge rally of cyclists-sportifs, literally thousands of them. They go off in waves of hundreds, through a series of checkpoints, with considerable foundering along the way. And while it isn't in the strictest sense a race, it's run complete with factory teams, elaborate support crews, masseurs and all the rest of it. A truly Gallic phenomenon, Paris-Brest-Paris is an event that involves far more prestige than many conventional races. The French factory-sponsored teams are invariably strong, smart and well supported, and it's their turf. For a U.S. team, the confusion resulting from such a massive field and the effects of culture shock have made it an achievement just to finish decently.

It was into all this that the Skunk River Bike Club proposed to plunge in September 1979, with the Selectocam bike. Riding for the SRBC was Scott Dickson, of Ames, an above-average national-class rider, but no world-beater. He wasn't on the national team, and he had never even taken a national medal. Dickson didn't win Paris-Brest-Paris, but he was a completely astounding second with Brown's machine. It was an infinitely better finish than any previous U.S. entrant ever dreamed of. Skepticism about the Selectocam diminished sharply.

What Brown had done in this latest variant was to combine cam and derailleur drives on the same bike. He had also reduced the weight of the cam system to less than a pound and made it compatible with pretty much any derailleur bike on the market.

Earlier road testing had shown that while the cam was testing out as superior to conventional drive in big-gear situations (flat and rolling terrain), it lacked sprint capability and didn't work as well on long climbs. With the Selectocam, a rider goes in and out of cam and conventional modes as easily as shifting gears. This means that the huge range of gears available with cam drive is always there, and that one should be able to climb and sprint without penalty.

Though at present deep in litigation with Facet over the rights to the cam drive, a state of affairs that has put a hold on the availability of either the Selectocam or BioCam bike to the public, Brown continues to refine his invention. He points out that the cam application can be varied to match rider strength, body type and the kind of riding indicated. For serious competition, he says, it can be tailored to any rider. His goal now is to make a more sophisticated choice of cams and a bolt-on version of the Selectocam available to any rider.

What happens then? To begin with, a low-rpm pedaling technique will emerge, and possibly changes in frame geometry to maximize the benefits. The cam allows the use of unthinkably large gears, but those gears will be turned at 60 to 70 rpm. This would be considered a tourist tempo, in contrast to the 90 to 100 rpm of most competitive riders.

Former national champion John Allis says, "The cam drive may find its best application with a recumbent design, like that of Dr. David Gordon Wilson at MIT, now in production as the Avatar 2000, where the back is braced and the tendency is to push at the pedals rather than spin." Allis' observation is much to the point. The combination of reduced frontal resistance (resulting from the recumbent position), and the consequently greater thrusting power available, could produce, with the cam, a combined overall advantage as high as 20% to 25% at cruising speeds.

But the recumbent designs seem likely to be ridden only by the few. For the many who ride upright, even as you and I, Brown holds out the prospect of our being substantially more efficient.

Whether cam bicycles excel in competition might not be the point at all. They might simply make it a little easier to get around on your bike—or a lot faster. **END**



KENTS
DON'T
HAVE
IT!



MERITS
DON'T
HAVE
IT!



MARLBORO
LIGHTS
DON'T
HAVE IT!



WINSTON
LIGHTS
DON'T
HAVE IT!



VANTAGE
DOESN'T
HAVE
IT!



BENSON &
HEDGES LIGHTS
DON'T
HAVE IT!

Only Tareyton has the best filter!

For a taste too good to be 5.

Why the best?
Because Tareyton's
unique charcoal filter
means taste that's
smooth. It means
flavor that's distinctive.
It means that no other
cigarette is quite like
Tareyton.



"We'd rather light, than fight."

TAREYTON LIGHTS



5

mg. tar
0.4 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Get the mileage of a Datsun without having to drive one.

While it's true the 1981 Datsun 280ZX 2-seater offers good mileage and is fun to drive, there are also thorns hidden in this pretty little flower. Like an ungenerous portion of passenger room. No place to hide luggage. And a price you might expect to pay for a more exotic car.

Pontiac's new Grand Prix Brougham, on the other hand, is a beautiful hybrid without any briars to conceal.

30 MPG CITY **21** MPG HWY

These are Grand Prix Brougham's estimated mileage ratings with standard V-6 for 1981. Its EPA estimated mpg is identical to the 1981 Datsun 280ZX 2-seater (with optional automatic transmission), four better on the highway. Remember: Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. Grand Prix is equipped with GM-built engines, produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details. And

ask about GM's new 24 month/24,000 mile Power Protection Plus limited warranty and Grand Prix's available diesel V-8

OVER \$1,700 LESS THAN DATSUN 280ZX

Compare the manufacturers' suggested retail prices for these two sports. You may begin to suspect that \$10,994 is a bit stag-



gering for the 1981 Datsun 280ZX 2-seater with optional automatic in the face of Grand Prix Brougham's \$9,205, as shown. Taxes, license, destination charges and available equipment are additional. Destination charges vary by location and may affect this comparison, and the level of standard equipment varies.



GRAND NEW STYLING...

New aerodynamic lines deal with the forces of air and motion beautifully and efficiently. And, to highlight these wedge-shaped contours, the Brougham is attired with a stylish new grille, padded landau top with new formal rear window and new opera lamps.

...AND GRAND NEW COMFORT

You and your five passengers will travel in style, with a loose-pillow 60/40 split seat, power windows and tasteful instrument panel.

PLUS PONTIAC'S NEW EFFICIENCY SYSTEM, INCLUDING GM'S

COMPUTER COMMAND CONTROL

For impressive fuel economy and cleaner exhaust, a computer continuously monitors and adjusts the air/fuel mixture in the carburetor to changing conditions. New tire designs and an automatic transmission with torque converter clutch also help save fuel. They're all part of Pontiac's new Efficiency System... a system designed to give new '81 Pontiacs improved fuel economy, plus the comfort, styling and performance you deserve.

So see the new Grand Prix Brougham at your Pontiac dealer's. He probably has more ways to finance than a bank.



"PONTIAC MUST HAVE SOMETHING WE DON'T."



PONTIAC'S '81 GRAND PRIX

Paulette Fouillet is a 30-year-old nurse and judo player from Angers, France. The *g* in Angers is soft, but they didn't know that in New York's Felt Forum at the first Women's World Judo Championships on Nov. 29-30. They pronounced it with a hard *g*, and it did seem fitting. Fouillet's smoldering eyes were difficult to look into for long, but then almost no one had to. Her first opponent, West Germany's Christiane Kieburg, hit the mat in 20 seconds, as if dropped from a rafter: scratch her from gold-medal contention. Ana Morales was slammed down twice in 14 seconds. That did it for Puerto Rico. New York City's Margaret Castro outweighed the 170-pound Fouillet by 20 pounds—this was the over-158-pound class, the heaviest division—but when Fouillet threw her down in one minute and 16 seconds with a hold called an arm bar, Castro tapped the mat with her hand, ending the match. With an arm bar, you give up or you get your arm broken, and there was something all too insistent in the Frenchwoman's eyes.

Judo is a sport derived from the Jap-

anese martial art of jujitsu, which was suppressed in Japan in the mid-1800s as too lethal. In 1882 a Professor Jigoro Kano screened out jujitsu's more murderous elements to create judo, described as being to jujitsu as fencing is to sword fighting. At the Felt Forum, 135 women from 27 countries competed in an essentially round-robin format within eight weight classes, matches out of one's class occurring only in the open division.

As competition progressed, Americans could ponder how far the mighty had fallen. The U.S. has had a women's judo team only since 1976, but it dominated international competition, and Castro had been its most compelling force. In four visits to the prestigious British Open, she had won five gold medals

the over-158-pound finals to begin.

Kanokogi had also been touting the chances of a blocky Californian named Christine Penick, in the 145-pound class, explaining that she was famous for reaching between her opponents' legs, grabbing the inner thighs, and flipping the victims on their backs (descriptions of judo techniques often sound like directions for eating a lobster, and neither are easy to follow). But when Penick reached for Britain's Dawn Netherwood, Dawn wasn't there. Subtract another U.S. gold-medal possibility, though Penick did later defeat Belgium's Marie Mil for a bronze, the first U.S. medal in the first women's world championships.

Meanwhile, in the 158-pound class, Fouillet's countrywoman, Jocelyne Tris-

Taken down a few pegs

The U.S. was the favorite at the first women's world championships in New York, but when the tournament was over it was Austria and France that were preeminent



Castro of the U.S. was on top here but won only two matches.

and a bronze, in the over-158-pound and the open classes. And the rest of her team had hardly dishonored itself. However, Fouillet and the French had never competed in Britain.

Rusty Glickman Kanokogi, the 45-year-old U.S. national coach and tournament director—"My husband's from the south of Japan; I'm from the south of Brooklyn"—had been saying, "It would be enough for anyone to go home and say, 'I beat Margaret Castro,' though of course it will never happen." It did happen, although for Fouillet the victory was clearly not accomplishment enough as she sat alone, waiting for

dou, arm-barré Amy Kublin of Worcester, Mass. and went on to win the gold. At the medal ceremony she stood on the winner's platform, waiting in vain for *La Marseillaise*; the tape recorder had broken down. Suddenly a sizable portion of the audience rose and began to sing, one man asking his neighbor, "Remember that scene in *Casablanca*? When everyone in Rick's bar, and Bogey and Bergman and Paul Henreid, sang this thing?" Then the four finalists in Fouillet's division came out, and among them—who was casting director here?—was Ingrid Berghmans of Belgium. Nostalgist No. 2 said, "Of all the judo joints in the world, she had to walk into mine."

Berghmans, a 19-year-old phys ed student, won her match with Marjolein van Unen of The Netherlands and ultimately the bronze medal. Castro, still stumbling around in a daze since her run-in with Fouillet, was defeated by Kieburg, whom she had beaten for a gold at the 1978 British Open. And then came the gold-

continued



medal showdown between the 170-pound Fouillet and Italy's 260-pound Margherita DeCal. With the contours of a female Pavarotti, DeCal had been flattening opponents all day. Literally. She had been lying on them. She hadn't dropped a big match since losing to Castro in the finals of last year's British Open. Fouillet, of course, was still Fouillet.

Her lip curling, Fouillet came out fast, sidestepping, looking for an opening. DeCal, more patient and seemingly slower, waited, hands high, eyes darting and alert. Suddenly Fouillet attacked. DeCal countered. At the 50-second point they fell to the mat together, a bad place for anyone to be with DeCal, and Fouillet was underneath, the worst place of all. She stayed there for 30 seconds, until the referee shot his hand in the air, and DeCal, delighted, was Italy's first world judo champion. Fouillet, the silver medalist, said gloomily, "I attacked too early. I think it was a tactical error."

As for DeCal, she stood with her translator and a Japanese radio reporter and his translator. The reporter would ask a question and his translator posed it in English to DeCal's, who asked it of DeCal in Italian. DeCal answered in Italian and her answer was relayed in English to the Japanese translator, who replied in Japanese to the reporter.

The reporter began, "What's the most interesting part of judo to you?"

"I don't know."

"Do you play other sports?"

"No, I'm too old for more than one." DeCal lit a cigarette.

As she was leaving, a New Yorker tried testing her English. "Why do you play judo?" he asked.

"Because I try to play judo. I like to play judo, and I play judo."

"Why do you always say 'play'?"

"I say 'play' because it's a sport. I say 'fight' if I want to kill someone."

With the first day ended and half the competition completed, the U.S. had won one medal, Penick's bronze. As the second day began, 114-pound Lynn Lewis of Revere, Mass., who had taken two golds, a silver and a bronze in four British Opens, lost by one-eighth of a point. What was it with the British Open? Had those other countries sent second teams?

Mary Lewis, 104 pounds, of East Berne, N.Y., no relation to Lynn, won two matches and lost a close one when she drew a penalty for stalling. Then she put Argentina's Norma Casco on the mat to win the team's second bronze.

By now, hopes for U.S. gold had dwindled to two contestants. One of them, Monica Emmerson, of Daly City, Calif., in the 123-pound class, is only 17 but had what Kanokogi called "the best technique I've seen in a long time." She tumbled Sweden's Gunnel Tolfes all over the mat to win her first match, but Belgium's Jeanine Meulemans arm-barred her and Emmerson ended up knocked

from the repechage, and the World's.

Then there was one—"La grande américaine." Fouillet called Barbara Fest, 27, of Beverly, Mass., the U.S. entry in the open division. Fest, good-natured, with a beautiful face, admitted to 220 pounds. Who could stand up to her? DeCal? She wasn't entered in open competition. Berghmans, at 167 pounds, was, but she was just a nice young girl. Fouillet? "Oh, my, Fouillet and Fest!" said a man scanning the open-division roster. Fest had 50 pounds or more on Mlle. Angers, but it was all France in the hubris department.

Fouillet quickly humbled two opponents with hold downs, then arm-barred West Germany's Barbara Classen in 29 seconds. Meanwhile, Fest twice upended Puerto Rico's hapless Morales with one mighty hip and profoundly impressed both her and another opponent with hold downs. Berghmans was the least imposing of the big three, winning two close, drawn-out matches. The final match was all but set: the sunny American and the brooding Gansl.

Fest had only to defeat Berghmans, who the previous day had listed a mere 51 seconds with DeCal. But *la grande américaine* was tired from a match just four minutes earlier. Both had reason to be cautious, and both received warnings for "noncombativity," which is how it went, the match ending scoreless and uneventful. But Berghmans, adjudged the more aggressive, was given the decision.

Fouillet, for her part, seemed not to care whom she fought; she did not, of course, use the word "play." She attacked Berghmans from the start, but attempts to throw her failed time after time. At one minute and 20 seconds, as she dithered away again, Berghmans capitalized on her momentum, slamming a leg upward on the inside of Fouillet's thigh, lifting the Frenchwoman two feet off the mat. Fouillet fell on her back, downed with what the rule books call "force, speed, and intent," a full-point throw, the kind that ends a match immediately.

"It was the epitome of judo," Kanokogi said.

At the end, Austria had won, three golds, France a gold, three silvers and a bronze. The U.S. had three bronzes. Fouillet was awarded a large loving cup. The Most Valuable Competitor award, but looked both angry and sad. What she really wanted was a world championship. Maybe she had cared too much. Maybe she had tried too hard.

Terry Bradshaw

Tony Dorsett



**SAVE
WHEN YOU
ORDER 3
OR MORE!**

2 feet by 3 feet.

Big, full-color action photos by the top sports photographers. More than 50 football stars to choose from. Pick your favorites below and mail coupon with your payment. Do it today!

Sports Illustrated SUPERSTAR FOOTBALL POSTERS

Pro action starts here!

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| ☐ 4202 NFL Superstars | ☐ 4259 Jack Ham | ☐ 4282 Ken Stabler |
| ☐ 4236 Vince Ferragamo | ☐ 4261 Tony Garbisch | ☐ 4283 Roger Staubach |
| ☐ 4239 Steve Furness | ☐ 4262 Charlie Waters | ☐ 4284 Chuck Foreman |
| ☐ 4240 Rocky Bleier | ☐ 4263 Randy White | ☐ 4285 Walter Payton |
| ☐ 4241 Brian Sipe | ☐ 4264 Jack Lambert | ☐ 4287 Bob Griese |
| ☐ 4242 Joe Greene | ☐ 4265 Lee Roy Selmon | ☐ 4288 Franco Harris |
| ☐ 4243 Keith Wortman | ☐ 4266 Reggie McKenzie | ☐ 4291 Ken Anderson |
| ☐ 4244 Phil Simms | ☐ 4267 Jim Zorn | ☐ 4292 Greg Pruitt |
| ☐ 4245 Otis Anderson | ☐ 4268 Steve Bartkowski | ☐ 4293 Otho Armstrong |
| ☐ 4246 Randy Gradishar | ☐ 4269 Dan Fouts | ☐ 4294 Lawrence McCutcheon |
| ☐ 4247 John Jefferson | ☐ 4270 Ron Jaworski | ☐ 4295 Jack Youngblood |
| ☐ 4248 Wallace Francis | ☐ 4271 Wesley Walker | ☐ 4296 Steve Grogan |
| ☐ 4249 Delvin Williams | ☐ 4273 Craig Morton | ☐ 4297 Bert Jones |
| ☐ 4250 Robert Brazile | ☐ 4275 Dan Dierdorf | ☐ 4298 Dave Casper |
| ☐ 4252 Roland Harper | ☐ 4276 Jim Hart | ☐ 4299 Terry Bradshaw |
| ☐ 4253 Ken Burroughs | ☐ 4277 Earl Campbell | |
| ☐ 4254 Cliff Harris | ☐ 4278 Harvey Martin | |
| ☐ 4255 Archie Manning | ☐ 4279 Ray Guy | |
| ☐ 4257 Gary Danielson | ☐ 4280 Pat Haden | |
| ☐ 4258 Joe Theismann | ☐ 4281 Tony Dorsett | |

YES! Send me the posters indicated at \$3 each (or money-saving 3 for \$8.50 and only \$2.50 per poster for each additional) plus \$1 per order for postage and handling.

I enclose \$_____ for _____ posters plus \$1 for postage and handling. (Missouri residents add 4.5% sales tax.)

☐ Check or ☐ Money order

Charge my:

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

ACCOUNT NO.

EXP. DATE

(PLEASE PRINT)

(Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Sorry, no Canadian or foreign orders can be accepted.)

MAIL TO: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED c/o Marketcom, Lockbox 2257, Hampton Bank, 4301 Hampton Ave., St. Louis, MO 63109

In Tallahassee during the week leading up to hometown Florida State's annual encounter with Florida, it's heresy for anyone to so much as mention any football game other than the one at hand, which explains why Seminole Coach Bobby Bowden stuck to talk about gaging the Gators and tabled questions about State's No. 3 ranking and its national title aspirations. In public, anyway. In private, in team meetings, for example, Bowden wasn't nearly as discreet. "I throw that national championship thing at my players anytime I think their ears need to hear it," he said on a re-

cruiting trip to Atlanta last Thursday. "Maybe I'll pop it off again right before the kickoff against Florida."

Despite Bowden's talk, Florida State's title chances were anything but good. The Sugar Bowl wound up with top-ranked Georgia playing second-ranked Notre Dame. The way the wire service polls work, when No. 1 plays No. 2, No. 3 might as well be No. 3,000. But there was one slight hitch to the dream game. Georgia already was 11-0 and safe in the barn, but Notre Dame (9-0-1) had one game left, against USC, and this year it would be played in Los Angeles. The Irish

hadn't beaten the Trojans in the Coliseum since 1966. So the Seminoles had two items on their agenda last Saturday: 14-point underdog Florida and then, gather around a television set and root like crazy for USC to upset the Irish and knock them out of the championship picture.

"I'm going to talk up how tough Florida is because if we don't win, life won't be very peaceful around here for another year or so," Bowden said. "But I hope nobody thinks that I ain't figured out the rest of the deal."

Florida State? Tallahassee? Bobby Bowden? These aren't No. 1 names. National champions are supposed to be won by teams from Notre Dame and Southern Cal. Teams from places like Columbus, Ohio and Lincoln, Neb. Teams coached by folks named Bear Bryant and Barry Switzer. Florida State? In 1947 it was still the Florida State College for Women. It was a Smith, a Rotary Hall—minus intellectuals and Catholics, respectively. A 1,000-yard running back? Hey, the place just got men's rooms. Then, from 1947 until Bowden arrived in 1976, the Seminoles won only 150 of 293 games. No tradition. Florida State football was famous for three things: damaging Burt Reynolds' knee, hiring Darrell Mudra, who coached games while sitting in the press box, and occasionally sending a Ron Sellers, Fred Biletnikoff or Gary Huff to the NFL.

But under Bowden, things changed fast: the Seminoles were 5-6 in 1976, then 10-2 and 8-3. Last year they won all 11 regular-season games and went to the Orange Bowl, the first appearance by any Florida team in a New Year's bowl. When Oklahoma crushed State 24-7, Bowden accepted the loss as a lesson. The Seminoles had lived and died with the forward pass. "Oklahoma was so successful stopping us with a fifth defensive back, we made running the ball our goal in 1980," he says.

So the first thing to know about the current Seminoles is that no longer do they rely on their 11-yard dropbacks and 30 passes a game. The main thing Bowden did was move Wide Receiver Sam Plitt to tailback, and the results were re-

Florida States its case

The Seminoles, who feel they've been underrated, are now No. 2 and battling for the national title, thanks to their win over Florida and USC's upset of Notre Dame



Game over and Gators beaten 17-13. Bowden was given a first-class trip off the field by his players.

Introducing Gold Reserve. By Bacardi of course.

Now there's something special for rum drinkers who want something more, something luxurious.

That something is Bacardi Gold Reserve rum, the premium sipping rum from Bacardi. It's so smooth, mellow and rich, you'll only want to sip it neat or on the rocks.

After all, doesn't a rum drinker deserve a taste of luxury as much as a Scotch or Canadian drinker?



BACARDI Gold Reserve rum. Our premier spirit.

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS. AND AÑEJO IS A TRADEMARK. ALL OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. ©1989 BACARDI IMPORTERS, INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM 80 PROOF



COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

markable. In a victory over Memphis State, Platt rushed for a school-record 188 yards. In 10 games he gained 954 yards, and had it not been for a shoulder separation he suffered in the first quarter against the Gators, he would easily have become Florida State's third 1,000-yard career rusher.

Bowden had given the Seminoles a new look. For instance, in Florida State's season opener, a 16-0 win at LSU, the Tigers often tried using a fifth defensive back. Every time they did, the Seminoles ran the ball. Florida State finished up with 197 yards rushing and only 35 passing. Adding to the fresh style was Quarterback Rick Stockstill, who's more mobile by far than his golden-armed predecessors, Jimmy Jordan and Wally Woodham. So Bowden installed a sprint-out pass package to go along with dropbacks. Stockstill had also had understudy Jordan and Woodham for three seasons, so he knew how to check off at the line of scrimmage—which he does about 50% of the time. "Defenses have to worry about containing us now," Bowden says. "They rush Rick up the middle and he'll go

wide for the first down. It gives us an added dimension."

The defense has also been important to Florida State's success. Midway through the 1978 season, the Seminoles lost 27-21 to Houston, 55-27 to Missis-



Hurt much of the year, Simmons was still named All-American.

Stockstill can pass and, unlike his predecessors, he also runs, no matter what his name indicates.

sippi State and 7-3 to Pitt. Then they won 15 games in a row. The reason? Eight of the defenders, who were sophomores when the streak began, are still around. In the secondary, Monk Bonasorte, Keith Jones and Bobby Butler are seniors and hard-hitters all. Linebackers Reggie Herring and Paul Pirowski have each made more than 100 tackles, and up in the line, where End Arthur Scott and Tackle Mark Macek also operate, Nose Guard Ron Simmons is an All-American. In five of its 1980 victories, Florida State has held the opposition to eight or fewer first downs, and going into the Florida game, only Nebraska had rushed for more than 200 yards against the Seminoles. The Huskers got exactly 201 yards, 177.3 below their average. All told, Florida State has allowed 85 points this season, fewer than any other team, college or pro.

"People think we're a team that throws the ball, doesn't play defense and just tries to outscore you," Bowden says. "They're wrong. General Neyland, Earl Black, Red Sanders, Bear Bryant—those guys would be proud of Florida State. They always preached defense and kicking. There might be teams with a bit more offense or defense than we have, or one that outkicks us. But nobody does all those things as well as we do." Indeed,

Florida State ranks No. 1 in scoring defense (7.7 points a game), No. 6 in scoring (32 points a game) and No. 1 in net punting, thanks to Rohn Stark, a junior who has averaged 45.1 yards a kick.

It's no wonder then that the Seminoles entered the Florida game with a 9-1 record that included wins over fourth-ranked Pitt and ninth-ranked Nebraska. Their single defeat, 10-9 by No. 20 Miami, came after Florida State scored a late touchdown but failed on a two-point conversion attempt. A Stockstill pass over the middle to an open receiver was batted down by an onrushing lineman. Two factors in that game deserve mention. Florida State's first two centers were out with injuries and the No. 3 was a guard who had never snapped. As a result, State had five fumbles on snaps, and at least half a dozen other snaps that weren't fumbled were

continued

**RCA's 1981 ColorTrak separates
black and white...**

from color...

**so even these subtle shades of red
come out crisp and clear.**

RCA's advanced Detail Processor* makes it possible.

All color television pictures are made up of two kinds of picture information.

Color.

And black and white.

In order to create a color picture, every television has to keep each of these signals separate during processing. But if the separation of black and white from color isn't kept complete, the color picture you see won't be quite as crisp and clear as it could be. That's because one signal would "spill over" into the other.

To keep black and white separate from color and bring you every subtle shade of color—crisp, clearly—RCA has introduced the advanced Detail Processor to ColorTrak.

It separates color from black and white within the closest of tolerances. Then, with the help of RCA's eight automatic color systems, locks the right color on track. Even colors only subtle shades apart. For the very best color picture in

RCA history.

Ask your RCA Dealer for a personal demonstration of ColorTrak 1981. He'll show you the wide range of screen sizes and stylings you have to choose from.



COLORTRAK

Ranging from traditional—all the way to modern.

He'll also introduce you to the new ColorTrak remote control. You'll quickly discover why this is the most advanced remote to ever control a ColorTrak.

And while you're looking at ColorTrak, why not listen to ColorTrak? Some models even include Dual Dimension Sound. With sound closer to stereo than monaural.

But whichever model you choose, we're quite sure that you'll be just as proud of your 1981 ColorTrak as we are.

RCA



RCA IS MAKING TELEVISION BETTER AND BETTER.

*Available on most 1981 ColorTrak models.
Suggested TV picture: 18" Supertrak set shown is "The Barbarian" model TLR 485. For the complete line of ColorTrak models, write RCA Consumer Electronics Dept. 32 322 600 North Shrewsbury St., Indianapolis, IN 46270.

just shaky enough to throw off the timing of plays. And the pass pattern Stockstill used to score the last touchdown was designed as a two-point play. Bowden rehearses only one two-point play for each game. He decided against using it twice in a row. "I have nightmares about that pass over the middle," he says. "You don't think about all those hands in there. If I had one play this year to call over again, it would be that one. I'd use the two-point play we'd practiced."

Going into the Florida game, Florida State players weren't talking about their No. 3 ranking or No. 1 hopes. The tone of the rivalry was pretty well established by a quote from Florida Tight End Chris Faulkner, which was posted in the Seminole dressing room. "We think about Florida State all year long," Faulkner said. "Coach Pell tells us to take five minutes a day to hate FSU." Another thing that got back to Tallahassee was news of a brick with three holes in it that hung on a wall where the Gators eat. Next to the brick is a sign that reads: THIS IS A FLORIDA STATE BOWLING BALL.

Before a record crowd of 53,772 at Doak Campbell Stadium Saturday, the Seminoles sent their tri-captains to midfield for the coin toss, and Florida sent its entire team. And for the first half it

seemed as if similar numbers were playing for each side. Florida State looked like the No. 3 team in the state, not the country. In the second quarter the Gators ran 23 plays to the Seminoles' 10 and had the ball for 10:23 to State's 4:37. For the half, Florida gained 226 yards to the Seminoles' 89. The Gators had a 13-3 lead at the intermission, the scores coming on a gorgeous 53-yard TD pass from freshman Quarterback Wayne Peace to spectacular Split End Tyrone Young—plus a pair of Brian Clark field goals.

During halftime Bowden quietly lectured his players. He talked about there being plenty of time, about how the Seminoles had been talking and the Gators had been doing. "Right now they want it more than we do," he said. "We're down 13-3. But we were behind 14-3 at Nebraska and came back. Is this worth fighting for?"

Nobody answered—at least not in the dressing room. The Seminoles gave their response—a resounding yes—on the field. They took the kickoff and marched 82 yards for a touchdown that made it 13-10. During the drive Platt's replacement, Ricky Williams, carried six times in a row for 39 yards. From the Florida 43 Stockstill completed a 12-yard pass to Hardis Johnson, and four plays later

he hit Johnson again for a score. After an exchange of punts Stockstill went to work again, twice finding Johnson wide open, the second time from the Florida 20 for a touchdown. The point-after made it Seminoles 17, Gators 13 only 36 seconds into the fourth quarter. Florida State, which had not yielded a point in the fourth quarter all year, kept that streak intact and Florida was beaten. Stockstill completed 11 of 18 passes for 137 yards; Johnson had seven catches for 107 yards.

Johnson, the fastest of the Seminoles' regular receivers, is a 6-foot sophomore from Tampa whom Bowden considered half of an unstoppable duo that

signed on with Florida State in February 1979. The other receiver was Anthony Carter of Riviera Beach, Fla. But Carter wound up at Michigan, where this season he helped make Wolverine Quarterback John Wampler a star. "If I had the choice of keeping only one of them," Bowden said later, "it would've been Hardis."

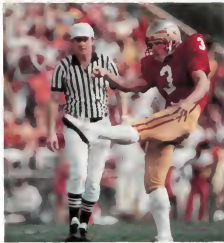
"Hardis has the hot hand right now," Stockstill said. "He's running super routes and catching balls on the numbers as well as ones he has to dive for. I can't say I look just for him, but I can say when I look at him he's usually open."

With the easy part—which turned out to be difficult—done, Florida State players began scattering to television sets in dorms, bars, restaurants and hotels to root for USC. Bowden went home to a steak cookout for some 30 prospective recruits who were visiting Tallahassee. One of the few dressing room stragglers was Linebacker Herring, who had made 10 tackles and recovered a fumble.

Herring was asked if he was rooting for USC. "Rooting?" he said. "I'll be in their back pocket all afternoon." He didn't need to be. Playing without regulars at quarterback, tailback and fullback, the Trojans whipped Notre Dame 20-3, guaranteeing Florida State a No. 2 ranking going into the bowls. "I'm shifting from being the world's greatest USC fan today to being the world's greatest Notre Dame fan in three weeks," Herring said.

Bowden saw little of the game but he checked into the TV room frequently to hear the score. With each visit, the news was increasingly rosy. Bonasorte and about a dozen other players watched USC's victory at a house in Tallahassee, where there were plenty of oysters, both eaten and hurled at walls in celebration. "It's special, because when you play at Florida State and lose one game, you don't expect to have a shot at No. 1," Bonasorte said. "All it means is somebody up top is on our side."

A year ago, when Auburn beat Georgia, sending Alabama to the Sugar Bowl and in effect opening up the Orange for Florida State, Bowden wired Tiger Coach Doug Barfield expressing his gratitude. Two days before the Florida game he was asked if he would send USC Coach John Robinson a thank-you telegram should the Trojans upset Notre Dame. "Naw," Bowden said. "But I might send one to Notre Dame saying, 'Beat them Dawgs.'"



Seal's best fast forward is his left, and he's No. 1 in net punting



America's most popular sports car.

Sleek. Surefooted. Aerodynamic. That's Mustang. A thoroughbred with the high gas mileage you might not expect from a high-spirited car.

23

EPA
EST
MPG

34

EPA
EST
HWY

Choose from a wide range of standard features like rack and pinion steering and modified MacPherson front suspension to an impressive list of options—Michelin TRX radial tires, forged aluminum wheels... even a T-Top to the sky.

Ford Mustang. Experience why it's America's most popular sports car.

*Estimates for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Highway mileage and Calif. estimates lower.

MMMMUSTANG



FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION



No more blues need be sung

Near bankruptcy on and off the ice two years ago, St. Louis is skating to the top behind its workaholic goalie, Mike Liut

Each week Bob Pledger hits the road to scout upcoming opponents for the St. Louis Blues. He checks strengths, weaknesses, injuries, line combinations and biorhythms, draws diagrams, digests charts over easy and then catches a flight back home to deliver the goods to Coach Red Berenson.

"We sit down," Pledger says, "and Red says to me, 'Well, Bob, what do we have to do to beat so-and-so when we go in there Thursday night?' I look up and say, 'Play Mike Liut in goal.' And we have a good laugh."

Not too long ago, the joke was the Blues. In the 1978-79 season, they lost 50 games and missed the playoffs, which isn't easy to do in the NHL. But after beating Quebec and Winnipeg last week, they had the fourth-best record in the league: 17-6-4 for 38 points, just two fewer than the No. 1-ranked Philadelphia Flyers. And those 17 victories in 27 games are just one shy of the Blues' 18 wins in 30 games two years ago.

Whether the Blues are that good is moot; obviously, that question can't be answered until the end of the season. A more salient point, as Left Wing Brian Sutter says, is that "we're respectable again, and it starts right there with the big guy in the nets."

Last Tuesday night in the Checkerdome, Liut, who's 6' 2" and 180 pounds, provided a classic example—in a non-classic game—of how a goalkeeper can doublehandedly win for a team. The



Liut's acrobatics between the pipes have lifted the Blues into fourth place in the NHL standings

Nordiques, who can skate if nothing else, outshot St. Louis 11-1 in the opening 10 minutes, but the acrobatic Liut—seemingly the only Blue on the ice—kept them scoreless. Then Quebec took a 2-1 second-period lead, and here came the Nordiques' Michel Goulet on a breakaway. Liut had stopped Goulet on a two-on-one earlier, and now he calmly stoned him again.

"That," said Blues' President and G.M. Emile Francis, an old NHL goalie himself, "could turn this game around."

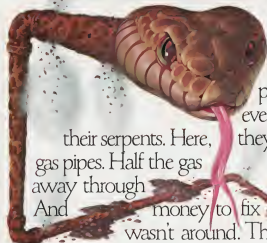
It did. St. Louis scored four unanswered goals, Liut held Quebec scoreless, stopping 37 shots in all, and the Blues had a 5-2 victory.

The dark and dashing Liut, 24, first dazzled Francis when he was a goalie for Bowling Green University. "He used to come in here and play great against the [St. Louis University] Billikens," Francis says. "I remember one night his team got outshot something like 50-19, but they stayed in the game because of Liut. I said to myself, 'If I ever get a chance...'"

The Blues selected Liut in the fifth round of the 1976 amateur draft—he was the 56th pick overall—but when he graduated in 1977, the St. Louis franchise was dying of fiscal exhaustion. Team officials avoided NHL meetings because their IOUs were first on the agenda; St. Louis' credit was so bad, the team had to pay

continued

The pipes of Hatfield hiss no more.



For many, Hatfield was an Arkansas version of paradise, population 433. But even little Edens have their serpents. Here, gas pipes. Half the gas away through leaks underground. And money to fix things right wasn't around. Then Mayor Milburn Hines heard about "Driscopipe." Corrosion-resistant plastic pipe developed by Phillips Petroleum. This pipe could fit in his budget. And, with some advice from Phillips, local townsmen could install the new pipe themselves. Which they did. Saved enough gas the first year to pay for everything. And now hisses in Hatfield are saved for villains in school plays. Phillips Petroleum. Good things for cars and the people who drive them. **The Performance Company**



*The pleasure
is back.*



BARCLAY

1 MG. TAR



99% tar free.TM

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*Kings
100's*

Kings, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine,
100's, 3 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method





'Tis the C.C. Season!

The Canadian Club gift package is available for holiday giving at no extra cost.
And now you can send gifts of C.C. by phone. Just dial 800-528-6148.

bus companies and hotels in advance. The administrative staff was stripped of 23 people. Scouts Lou Passador and Steve Brklacich, who had come with Francis from the Rangers, went months without paychecks. The Blues even had the shorts when it came to hockey sticks. Barclay Plager, Bob's brother, was the coach of their Kansas City farm club, and once he suggested to his players that at the conclusion of fights they should pick up their opponents' sticks and keep them.

"I guess the ultimate was when Bernie Federko's family visited St. Louis and he wanted to give them autographed sticks," says Francis. "I saw him take a couple of sticks and said, 'You know our situation. Put those back.' We had a game that night. I look down on the ice real close, and the poor kid is playing with one of those autographed sticks he wanted to give away. It was really grim. I tell you. In the summer of 1977, we were one phone call away from being out of the NHL."

The call came from the Ralston Purina Company of St. Louis, which made an 11th-hour purchase of the Blues as a civic gesture. But by then it was too late to sign Lutz; he had joined the Cincinnati Stingers of the WHA.

Lutz played two seasons at Cincinnati in virtual secrecy, but Francis kept track of him. When Cincinnati was excluded from the NHL-WHA merger in 1979, Lutz became St. Louis property and Francis quickly signed him. At the Blues' training camp that fall, though, nobody knew who Lutz was, let alone how to pronounce his name (let-oot). Incumbent Goaltender Phil Myre had been traded, but Ed Stasiowski had inherited the starting job.

Stasiowski played the first five games, but was lifted in the sixth when St. Louis fell behind Boston 5-1. Lutz took over and the Blues pulled out a 5-5 tie. Since then he has almost held to Stasiowski what Lou Gehrig was to Wally Pipp. Lutz played in more games (64) and won more (32) than any other NHL goalie last season, and he has started—and finished—22 of the Blues' 27 games this season. He has a 14-5-3 record and a 3.18 goals-against average.

"I don't play that much anymore," says Stasiowski, "but I can't really be better. Mike is there because of his superior



Hey look me. Liut has all his teeth. Thank you, Mike.

work. It's not that he played well for one week. He stood them on their heads for five months last season."

"Something good started happening here last year," Lutz says. "It's like we all knew there was a light switch somewhere. In the course of finding it, we marked up the wall a lot. We made some mistakes, but we also won some big games when we had to. That gave us a frame of reference a foundation for this season."

Lutz is that foundation. "It's a tremendous advantage for us to know whenever we go into a game that we're going to get the goalkeeping," says Defenseman Gerry Hart. "Right now, this team reminds me of when I was with the New York Islanders three years ago. We're young, and we're on the brink."

"You don't have to worry about coaching Lutz," says Berenson. "He's extremely conscientious, a leader who sets high standards for himself and his teammates. A contemporary person, but also a throwback in a way. He wants to play all the time and even gets mad when they score a goal on him in practice. That kind of thing spreads. He won't let the people playing in front of him fall asleep. He's a huffer guy."

"He's also a very intelligent goalie,

who can sense the mood of his team on any night. A lot of people compare him to Ken Dryden because of his size. There are similarities. Mike stands up in goal, as Ken did, but he also moves very well. Nobody in the league uses his legs to block the puck better than Mike."

Jacques Plante played the angles, and Glenn Hall was a reflex goalie. Mike is sort of a mixture of the two. He treats every shot for what it's worth. If it's a great shot requiring a great save, he'll make it. A lesser shot, he'll react accordingly. He slipped in through the back door here, and I hope he'll leave through the front door. I hate to put that type of pressure on anybody so young, but I think he's much too smart to get a big head."

Lutz enjoys a relatively sane life for a basketball athlete. He watches old movies, reads a lot. "If I'd read as much in college, I would've had better grades"—and paces himself. When he goes out on the town, the work ethic draws him home at

an early hour. "If you're a goalie and you don't feel physically sharp for a game, you play," Lutz says. "I have my fun in the summers. I think I'm as good as any goalie in the league right now, and I hope to get better. It would be pretty boring just to stay the same. Recognition is nice, but there's something to be said for tenure. Guys like Tony Esposito have been doing it for years and years."

"As for the Blues, we all have to realize we haven't done that much yet. We have to all play well or we don't win. We have a great feeling here, but no superstitions. We have to do better. The Islanders were a promising and successful club for several years, but I'm sure they didn't feel they accomplished anything till they won the Cup last spring. That's why when people ask me who I like as a goalie, I mention Gerry Cheevers. Whether it was 2-1 or 8-7, he always seemed to win."

Unlike so many goaltenders of yore, Lutz doesn't dabble in the weird or occult. He doesn't raise alligators in his backyard, he doesn't knit, he doesn't fear flying, he doesn't paint animals, stitches or Zodiac signs on his face mask. "I really just like to play," he says.

And so he plays, and plays, and plays. Whatever you say, Bob Plager. **END**



17054

An aerial photograph of a vast, snow-covered mountain range. The terrain is rugged, with numerous ski runs carved into the slopes. The snow is a bright white, contrasting with the dark green of the evergreen forests that cover the lower and more sheltered parts of the mountains. The sky is a pale, hazy blue, suggesting a clear but slightly overcast day. The overall scene is one of a pristine, high-altitude wilderness.

THIS COULD BE THE LAST RESORT

After nine years of wrangling and frustration, Colorado's spectacular Beaver Creek ski area will finally open next week, but the happy occasion may also mark the end of an era

BY WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

Continued

BEAVER CREEK

continued

frustrating process that sane men may well be discouraged from trying ever again to create something like Beaver Creek. Cal Conniff, executive director of the National Ski Areas Association, is paid to be optimistic about the future and fortunes of the ski business. Yet he says, "I'm not suggesting that it's flat-out impossible to develop another major destination ski resort. It's not, but there are obstacles now that tend to scare away investment capital. It's a cumbersome process, full of roadblocks and inherent risks, and terribly slow. From the first conception of a new area it will take five years at least before you can even start the first lift running. The process tends to tie up a lot of money. And the cost of a full-blown destination ski resort is at a minimum \$100 million, which means that only large corporations can afford to get involved. Individuals simply don't have that kind of money. Besides, a ski area is a long-term investment. You have to figure that you'll be in operation five years before you begin to get a true return on your money."

So it seems we've reached the end of an era in skiing: no longer can we look forward to the opening of new, better and bigger ski areas, at least certainly not at the frenetic pace that has typified new development over the past three or four decades. Even now, Beaver Creek itself is nowhere near completion. What will open for the 1980-81 season is a \$30 million fraction of the entire project, including a mountain full of lifts and trails, an architecturally superb "grandiose rustic"-style restaurant at the 10,208-foot level and a 177-car parking garage at the foot. Period. This year there will be nothing else at Beaver Creek—not so much as a single bed to sleep in.

An estimated \$500 million will be spent over the next few years—no one knows how many—to produce an 80-acre village with restaurants, shops, bars and taverns, plus 6,000 beds in hotel rooms and condominiums. In addition to the village, there will be 245 homesites (original price from \$250,000 to \$450,000; now as much as \$600,000) tucked in among the trees, streams and beavers and along an 18-hole, par-70 Robert Trent Jones Jr. golf course. The homes are expected to be enormously ex-

pensive, at least \$1 million each, and will be built by such insatiable devotees of retirement recreation as former President Jerry Ford, who bought the first lot at Beaver Creek, valued at \$300,000, to add to the luxurious spread he already owns in Palm Springs.

Brian Rapp, 38, an ex-Yale quarterback, has zigged and zagged through a variety of careers since he engineered the 1964 defeat of Harvard—Presidential Executive Interchange Fellow at the State Department, assistant county executive of Santa Clara County, Calif. and, most recently, president of the Beaver Creek Resort Company. "To live here is something few people will be able to afford," Rapp says. "We expect it to be in the class of Pebble Beach, Sea Pines, Aspen—even St. Moritz or Zermatt. This will be a planned community, rigidly and carefully designed, a true new town, in its way. But it isn't going to be Columbia, Maryland. We are planning to make Beaver Creek better than the best."

Beaver Creek village will be located 10 miles west of Vail and 110 miles west of Denver, in a valley two miles from Interstate 70. In all, there will be 4,901 acres devoted to skiing, golf, the village and homesites; 2,126 of those acres will be privately held, and 2,775 others, which are federally owned, will be used under permit from the U.S. Forest Service. The sugar daddy for the whole \$500 million shebang is Vail Associates, which, of

Last summer the mountain looked like a benign Colorado version of Mount St. Helen's. Toppled trees were everywhere, their trunks scattered like Vulcan's own matchsticks over great slashes of raw dirt. There was no steam, no underground thunder, no acres of gray ash, but still the devastation seemed final, the damage irrevocable. Now a blanket of snow has fallen over the mountain and the transformation is miraculous. Summer's ravages have changed into winter's glories, and the harshly barbed mountainside of July has become a network of ski trails, beautifully groomed, gracefully sculpted. It's a place of authentic splendor: Beaver Creek, long awaited and often despaired of, North America's latest major ski resort—and, just possibly, its last.

The last resort? Forever? Well, there are plans for a few others, hopes for a few more—dreams. But there is no guarantee that there will be another laid out on the scale of Beaver Creek—a first-class "destination resort" (travel-agent jargon for a resort that offers lodging) to rival the country's best and biggest: Aspen, Vail, Sun Valley.

Of course, the saga of Beaver Creek has been climaxed by success; the area will open on Dec. 15 with 25 miles of trails and six chair lifts strung over some 450 acres of the rugged Rockies. But reaching this happy point involved such a long, painful, expensive, exhausting,



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY STAVER

*Last summer workers swarmed the mountain
Clockwise, from left: a bulldozer clears a trail;
straw protects a newly seeded slope; a trail mark-
er is planted; chain-lift skidders are erected*



BEAVER CREEK

continued

course, owns the Vail ski area. But Vail Associates isn't generating that kind of money from skiing. About 80% of the firm's stock is owned by one Harry Bass, whose family fortune springs from the vast resources of the Goliad Oil Company of Texas. The Bass family has been in skiing for years—Harry's brother, Dick, underwrote the building of Snowbird in Utah in 1972—even though it certainly isn't the kind of investment hard-headed businessmen ordinarily seek out. Vail Associates has had quite a few millions tied up in Beaver Creek, but until next week, when the first trickle of skiers arrive to enjoy the resort's "preview season," Beaver Creek won't have generated a dime of income.

"For four years, Vail Associates has been pouring money into the development of the mountain, and there has been no cash coming in at all," says Rapp. "This is one reason people aren't being facetious when they talk about this as being the 'last resort.' Money men are reluctant to get involved in skiing because there's more risk than ever involving more money than ever. The downside is steeper than it's been before."

It wasn't always this way. Once upon a time, risk in the ski-resort business referred to possible broken legs among guests, and downsides—the steeper the better—were covered with snow. That wasn't very long ago, but then, nothing is really very long ago in the story of ski resorts. Indeed, as recently as 1930 there was no organized skiing in the entire U.S., not a rope tow, not a stumpless hillside, not a single tanned, handsome, grinning Austrian expatriate to utter that favorite phrase of ski instructors. "Bend zee knees; two dollars please."

In Europe, the Alps had drawn winter vacationers from England since the late 19th century, but few were skiers. Most were upper-class "toffs" who skated in top hats and played hockey in shirts and ties. It wasn't until the early 1900s

that "plank-hoppers" or "skeeters," as they were rather contemptuously called, were commonly seen at the better European winter resorts. Sir Arnold Lum, founder of the famed Kandahar slalom and an early British disciple of skiing for fun, described the sport as he found it in 1898 at the French resort of Chamoni:



The plan of Beaver Creek: white, existing trails; blue, proposed trails; red, existing lifts; black, proposed lifts; orange, an 80-acre village.

"About four or five Englishmen at Chamoni skied, but I cannot remember seeing any of the locals do so, with the exception of our instructor, who regarded his skis with obvious distaste and terror. He slid down a gradual slope, leaning on his stick and breathing heavily, while we gasped our admiration for his courage. Somebody asked him whether it was possible to turn. He replied in the negative,

but added that a long gradual turn was just possible if one dragged oneself round on the pole. He claimed to have seen an expert perform this difficult maneuver but modestly added that he was unable to demonstrate it himself."

Perhaps the single most influential force in producing the ski boom was the invention of a method for moving skiers up hills without climbing. A few Alpine areas were ahead of the game: Davos with its Parsenn railway (completed in 1933), Zermatt with its groaning old ratchet train nicknamed Granie (1890) and Wengen with its *Jungfrau-jochbahn* (1912). These uphill-transportation systems were all built for use by summer visitors, but later proved useful for hauling winter vacationers, too. Thus these lucky towns became the first "in"—or, rather, "up"—ski resorts.

But it wasn't until 1932 that skiing's true revolutionary genius appeared. He was a Swiss engineer and weekend skier named Gerhard Müller, who also happened to be the owner of an old motorcycle. Müller invented and patented the world's first rope tow. It consisted of a length of one-inch hemp rope and parts from his motorcycle, geared and connected in such a way that a skier gripping the rope would be dragged uphill by the sputtering motorcycle engine. The process was slightly less painful and a lot more frightening than climbing under one's own power. Nonetheless, Müller's invention was a success, and mountains and ski resorts have never been the same since.

In the U.S., the great-great-granddaddy of Beaver Creek was born in 1934 at Woodstock, Vt. It was created by the unlikely combination of a former Dartmouth ski-team captain (colleges in northern climes had had such teams since 1909), the owner of a hostel called the White Cupboard Inn, and a sawmill mechanic. They arranged to pay \$10 to a farmer named Clinton Gilbert to rent a

continued



LAST CALL SMIRNOFF STYLE.

"THEY'D NEVER REALLY MISS US...AND
IT'S KIND OF LATE ALREADY...AND IT'S
QUITE A LONG WAY...AND I COULD
BUILD A FIRE...AND YOU'RE LOOKING
VERY BEAUTIFUL...AND WE COULD HAVE
ANOTHER MARTINI...AND IT'S AWFULLY
NICE JUST BEING HOME...YOU THINK?"
"I THINK."



SMIRNOFF® VODKA 40 & 50% PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN.
57% ALC/VOL (114 PROOF). SMIRNOFF V.F.S. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.)
HARTFORD, CT—MADE IN U.S.A.

Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®

BEAVER CREEK

continued

steep section of sheep pasture for the winter of '34. The place was called Gilbert's Hill and as John Jay wrote in his book *Ski Down the Years*, "Gilbert's Hill became the Kitty Hawk of the American ski scene."

The rope tow on Gilbert's Hill was an

Erector Set arrangement of grooved wheels, wooden supports and thick ropes, all powered by a sturdy Model T motor that drove a tire-less rear wheel. The tow on Gilbert's Hill offered a 500-foot uphill pull that resulted in increasingly intense pain and fatigue the closer one got to the top. Use of the slow cost \$1 a day and allowed the skier perhaps 10 times more downhill runs than he would've been able to make had he had to climb the slope unassisted.

Tows soon appeared everywhere—from Mount Rainier in Washington to Mount Mansfield in Vermont, from Norfolk, Conn. (where snow trains brought passengers the 140 miles from New York City at \$2 a head, round trip) to Wilmet Hills, Wis., where a man named Walt Stopa put in no fewer than 11 rope tows, creating the then-famed "Alps of Chicago," which had a nice suburban vertical drop of 198 feet.

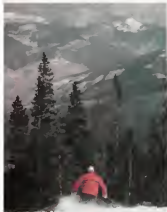
But all of this was primitive stuff, only the dimmest rumblings of the American ski-resort boom. It was, writes Jay, "a time when everyone yodeled and smelled like a tossed salad (pure olive oil was the thing for a tan)," a time when skiers rented

ed beds in drifty New England farmhouses, where they slept "stucked like layer cakes in four-decker bunks . . . and lined up for everything from the bathtub to the rope tows."

The first American ski resort worthy of the name was built in 1936 on a sweep of sheep-ranching land at the foot of Idaho's magnificent Sawtooth Mountain Range by the Union Pacific Railroad, then headed by W. Averell Harriman. The name of the resort was Sun Valley, and its original reason for existence was to create a destination in the West to lure passengers onto the railroad. The Lodge at Sun Valley was as luxurious as any resort hotel in the world—equipped with a glass-walled, heated outdoor swimming pool and a dining room where the strains of Eddie Duchin's orchestra sounded nightly. The skiing was terrific and the slopes boasted the world's first chair lift, which was patterned after a banana-loading device used on docks in the tropics. But none of these attractions was as important to the success of Sun Valley as the mind of a public-relations genius named Steve Hannegan. His most notable previous coup was publicizing a bleak stretch of sand in Florida, which became a thriving settlement of waterfront homes called Miami Beach. A devout cold-weather hater, Hannegan denounced Sun Valley at first sight as "a godforsaken field of snow." He then went to work to make it seem to be something quite different. First he persuaded Harriman to name the place Sun Valley. Hannegan then created a famous poster that showed a young man skiing in the sun while stripped to the waist. He also arranged for Hollywood to discover the resort. Mountain scenes for *She Met Him in Paris*, starring Claudette Colbert, were filmed in Sun Valley, and from the moment it opened, the Lodge glittered with celebrities, including such high-voltage luminaries as Tyrone Power, Clark Gable and Gary Cooper.

Nothing quite like Sun Valley ever happened again, but the publicity that Hannegan generated for it spilled over everything that had to do with skiing. The sport suddenly took on a glamour that Model T-driven rope tows on farmers' hills simply couldn't give it. Although World War II forestalled the boom, no sooner was the war over than the ski business began to grow into a national in-

continued



With this fall's first snow the trails were ready for early-bird skiers, but diners can't wait the 380-seat, mid-mountain restaurant till opening day.



DISCOVER A WORLD CALLED LTD

For 1981, comfort, quiet and innovation are yours to enjoy, in a world called LTD.

It's a world you feel at home in.

You'll enjoy the engineering know-how that has trimmed outside dimensions while increasing passenger room and comfort.

It's a world of efficiency.

If you value mileage, a standard Automatic Overdrive transmission helps LTD achieve impressive highway fuel efficiency.

These figures are for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on

18 city **26** hwy

speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings will be lower.

It's a world of quiet.

It's LTD's quiet ride, aided by an advanced suspension system to help cancel road vibrations and dampen sound. And ask about Ford's Extended Service Plan when you buy or lease a 1981 LTD.



FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION



BEAVER CREEK

continued



dusty. The postwar growth was nourished by 1) a vast supply of army surplus equipment, which gave thousands of people an opportunity to buy inexpensive skis, boots and bindings, and 2) a cadre of enthusiastic young civilian entrepreneurs recently mustered out of the elite 10th Mountain Division, America's only unit of ski troopers. They spearheaded the opening of some of the country's grandest resorts, including Vail, Jackson Hole and Aspen.

The power behind Aspen, Colorado's premier ski resort, was a 10th Mountain man named Friedl Pfeifer. With the money of an enlightened Chicago industrialist named Walter Paepcke as backing, Pfeifer & Co. built the "world's longest ski lift," a then-startling 13,800 feet in length, with a vertical drop of 3,295 feet. The lift opened for business in January 1947—and business immediately went from bad to worse. First the Rio Grande Railroad shut down the town's connection with the main line, a disaster for Aspen, which is even more remote than Sun Valley. Worse, the skiing proved far too dangerous to attract average skiers. Not only was the mountain breathtakingly steep, but another unnerving hazard was the mine shafts that appeared suddenly before unwary skiers and threatened to send them tumbling several hundred feet down a hole. The town of Aspen had once had a thriving population of 12,000 and an annual production of \$15 million worth of silver from its mines, but by the time the world's longest ski lift opened, the place had only a few hundred residents. And there was no Steve Hannagan to promote it. But in 1950 Aspen attracted the Fédération Internationale de Ski world championships, and that same year Paepcke brought such superstar intellectuals as Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Thornton Wilder and José Ortega y Gasset to Aspen for the Goethe Bicentennial Celebration. These things put Aspen on the map, and the ski boom in Colorado at last began in earnest.

The 1950s saw new resorts in every part of the U.S., and the early '60s pro-

duced an all-out explosion in skiing. From 1960 to 1965, a total of 386 new areas opened, among them some of the nation's finest: Crested Butte, Steamboat Springs, Vail. Where previously there had been nothing but rocks and eagles and avalanches, there were now lift lines and fast-food cafeterias and people parading in new stretch pants. Ski-industry income ballooned from an estimated \$125 million in 1960 to \$750 million in 1970 and \$3.5 billion in 1980. Downhill skiers increased at the rate of 15.4% a year in the 1960s, from a doughy handful of 2.1 million in '60 to 6.5 million in '70 and 15 million in '80. The proliferation of new areas continued at the stunning rate of more than 30 per annum well into the '70s. In 1972, a vintage year, 35 areas opened, including three superb major-league resorts—Copper Mountain in the Rockies, just 1½ hours out of Denver; Telluride in the San Juan Mountains in the southeast corner of Colorado; and Snowbird in the powder-packed Wasatch Mountains, 45 minutes from Salt Lake City.

But after 1972 the boom slowed off, the beginning of the end had occurred. The last truly major area—Mary Jane, 70 miles west of Denver—opened in 1975. Between 1973 and 1980 an average of only eight new areas have started up in the U.S. each year. This season there are but three. Beaver Creek is one—the one, really. The other two are competitive anathemas: Ski Starlite in southern Indiana not far from that well-known wintersports paradise, Lewisburg, Ky., and Ski Sealey in western North Carolina.

Now people in the ski business are quick—very quick—to say that growth in their industry hasn't been completely snowed under. They claim that the number of skiers and ski dollars continues to increase at a rate of close to 10% a year. But the pattern of prosperity hasn't been uninterrupted. There have been some killing seasons indeed.

There were a few bizarre winters in the '70s that left either the East or the West or both lacking the one commodity without which there is no point for a skier to get up in the morning—snow. During these years of brown disaster, ski-area operators prayed, complained, tried to get along exclusively on expensive man-made snow, filed for bankruptcy, changed their religion and prayed some

Three who had a hand in fashioning Beaver Creek: Deer Kartling (top) sculpted the trails. Bob Parker organized financing and marketing. Governor Richard Lamm worried about the environment

continued



"Give the Olympus OM-10...and never worry about what to give again."

Cheryl Tiegs

The moment you give the Olympus OM-10 you can stop worrying about what to give next birthday, next anniversary, next Christmas, next Chanukah, next anytime.

First gift: the camera

Olympus OM-10. The most innovative Single Lens Reflex of its time. Fully automatic. Conveniently compact. Operationally simple. With exclusive Olympus Off-The-Film metering that assures perfect shots even if the light changes during exposure. So

you can take every single picture with complete confidence.

Gifts and more gifts



Next, give the automatic Olympus T-20 flash. It's certain to light up a smile.

Then give an Olympus interchangeable lens. Wide-angle, telephoto, zoom. There are more than 33 Olympus lenses made to fit the OM-10.

A quick gift idea. An Olympus auto winder that accelerates film advance to 2.5 frames per second. Fast enough for professional action shooting.

And before you know it, you'll be ready to give an Olympus camera bag.



They're handsome and big enough to handle all those Olympus gifts.

A lifetime of gifts

You can choose from more than 250 precision-designed gift accessories crafted by Olympus to fit the OM-10. A lifetime of gifts you'll be proud to give. Or receive.

For information on giving (or owning) the remarkable OM-10 write Olympus, Woodbury, N.Y. 11797. In Canada, contact W. Carsen Co., Ltd., Toronto.



OLYMPUS

Excellence by design.

A hand is shown holding a single, upright Budweiser can. The can is white with red and silver accents, featuring the Budweiser logo and text. It is surrounded by a vast sea of crushed and flattened cans of the same brand, creating a stark contrast between the one intact can and the surrounding wreckage. The background is a chaotic, textured mass of metal debris.

**THIS BUD'S
FOR YOU.**

more. In the season of 1976-77, the worst of these winter droughts, almost no snow fell in either the East or the West until March. Sun Valley had to hold the World Cup ski races on an entire run of man-made snow. Most areas shut down weeks before they ordinarily would have, and ski-area industry profits fell 20% between 1975 and 1977.

Then, in the winter of 1977-78, the U.S. was blessed with blizzards, and ski areas racked up their highest average profits ever. As the Ski Areas Association's Conniff says, "The ski business is just as vulnerable and volatile as agriculture. We are totally dependent on the weather—over which we have no control at all. You never know. The vintage year it was perfect from Maine to Oregon, but last season it was excellent in some areas in the West, a disaster in some in the East. It's totally unpredictable."

But it isn't just the weather that lends a boom-or-bust air to the ski business. The industry is also a potential victim of the energy crisis. In 1974, a massive shortage of gasoline resulted in long lines at service stations and short lines at ski lifts, particularly at those belonging to the more remote resorts. "What happens in the Middle East is critical to our industry," says Conniff. "A gasoline shortage could practically snuff us out. Skiers rely on the automobile. There's no mass transit to most resorts. I think that if there's a supply of gasoline—no matter what the cost—skiers will go skiing. But if the time comes when there's no gas, we're in big trouble."

So there the business dangers, caught between the two most unpredictable and uncontrollable forces in the world: the weather and Middle East politics.

Still, the riskiness of it all isn't the main reason that we have come to a relatively static period in the growth of ski resorts. The primary problem is one of money and time. About the money: to create a ski mountain, be it on the scale of Sun Valley or Ski Starlite, the costs are astronomical. Jim Branch, a ski-area design consultant and president of Sun-Engineering in Franconia, N.H., estimates that it costs \$3,500 per acre to prepare a new trail (Beaver Creek has 450 acres in trails for its premier season). Branch says you cannot install a new lift line for less than \$100 per linear foot (Beaver Creek has 26,287 linear feet of lifts), and he

guesses that the installation of a trust-worthy snowmaking system will run from \$10,000 to \$20,000 an acre.

About money and time: millions will be tied up for years before an area earns a dime of ski revenue. From the moment the land is purchased until the first skier buys a lift ticket, half a dozen violent economic cycles might occur—from high interest rates to low, from massive inflation to modest and back to massive, from recession to boom. And during all that, the money invested in a ski mountain is doing about as much good as if it were stuck in a mattress. It's not a situation that your average gimlet-eyed banker is eager to involve himself with. Beaver Creek went through years of all this and, amazingly, succeeded anyway.

Bob Parker, the senior vice-president of Vail Associates, is a lanky, bearded man who was in the 10th Mountain Division and, along with Pete Seibert, another 10th Mountain man, was for all practical purposes the creator of the Vail ski area. Seibert is no longer at Vail, having departed four years ago after a series of management disagreements; he now runs a small operation in Utah called Snow Basin. Parker remains at Vail, and most observers give him the credit for having wrought the success of Beaver Creek. Parker's expertise lies in public relations and marketing, not technical mountain-making, which was Seibert's specialty, and therein lies the truth of how one must proceed in creating a ski resort these days: the science of persuasion—not engineering and finance—is the essence of the game.

Before selecting the site at Vail, which opened in 1962, Seibert and his cohorts had searched the mountains from Canada to Mexico for several years, looking for a suitable place to build a dream ski area. As Parker puts it, "Damned few mountains in the Rockies have skiable terrain and developable real estate at the bottom. Vail did. But so did Beaver Creek, and Pete liked it better."

Unfortunately, at the time key sections of Beaver Creek were the property of a crusty old rancher named Willis Nottingham, who didn't want to sell. Seibert and Parker developed Vail instead, but Seibert began an annual ritual with old man Nottingham that went on for 10 years. The two of them would share a bottle of

whiskey every Christmastime, on which occasions Seibert would casually bring up the subject of buying Nottingham's land. Finally, in 1970, Nottingham said, "All right, I'm older and I've got arthritis and it's tough to get around. I'd like to leave the mountains. If I can find me another ranch, I'll talk about Beaver Creek." In the summer of 1971 Seibert found some property in another section of Colorado and persuaded Nottingham that it was made for him, and the deal was concluded.

It was at this point that the ill-fated drive to bring the 1976 Winter Olympics to Colorado began gathering steam. In the winter of 1972 the Colorado organizing committee came to Vail Associates to discuss using Vail as the site for the Olympic Alpine events, but Vail Associates sold the committee on using the still-virginal Beaver Creek instead.

However, around that time a new political force came to the fore in Colorado—an angry and idealistic crowd of environmentalists. They began the move against holding the Olympics in the Rockies. The crusade was led by a state legislator named Richard Lamm, who rode his white charger into the Colorado governorship in 1974. On the way, Lamm and an increasingly concerned public overturned the Olympic project with a referendum vote in November 1972. The battle was bitter and even now there are angry echoes of those days of conflict.

"Lamm and his people managed to create the impression that there would be negative environmental impact at Beaver Creek and other venues," Parker says. "That and their claim that the Olympics would cost too much are what beat the Games. However, I like to make the point these days—eight years after Lamm and his group shot the Olympics down—that all the environment impacts they projected as likely to happen because of the Games have happened anyway. There was a very carefully conceived land-use plan that would have gone into effect as a protective measure if the Olympics had been held here. When the Olympics were rejected, that plan was automatically out. And no similar plan has been enacted in its place; in fact, there has been no meaningful environmental legislation passed in Colorado since then. It's a small point I like to repeat whenever I can."

Governor Lamm, a Democrat, replies

continued

that there has been less pressure for this kind of legislation in recent years and also that both houses of the Colorado legislature have been controlled by the Republicans for the entire 1970s with the exception of 1975-76, and have been relentlessly hostile to such ideas.

The November '72 may vote on the Olympics threw the Beaver Creek plan into a cocked hat, but Vail Associates still wanted to develop the new area. "The market was growing. We had to expand, to grow as a corporation," Parker says. "The defeat of the Olympics changed our timetable, but we needed a new profit center. And the public needed more ski capacity."

At this point, the Forest Service had completed an environmental-impact study on the Upper Eagle Valley, in which Beaver Creek is located. Even though the Forest Service's research uncovered no serious environmental dangers in the developing of Beaver Creek, public pressure required a specific study of the area, a much more probing analysis of the ski resort site, which Vail Associates produced for the Forest Service.

That study was finished in the fall of 1973, a year after the Olympic referendum, and an official Forest Service chronology of events leading to the authorization for the Beaver Creek project makes it sound as if things were going swimmingly:

"November 1973—Eagle County Commissioners approved master plan which recommends development of recreation resources in the Avon-Beaver Creek region. January 1974—Forest Service filed draft environmental statement which included Beaver Creek Management Unit to be utilized as winter sports site. . . February 1974—Eagle County conditionally approved Vail Associates Inc.'s planned unit development for Beaver Creek. . . August 1974—Forest Service filed final environmental statement with the Council of Environmental Quality. . . December 1974—Colorado Land Use Commission held a two-day public meeting to review concerns raised by state agencies about development of Beaver Creek. . . January 1975—Land Use Commission recommended to the governor that Beaver Creek be designated a winter sports site. . . Jan. 14, 1975—Governor of Colorado Vanderhoof concurred with

recommendation of Land Use Commission and recommended same to Regional Forester. . .

Ah, yes, swimmingly indeed. But then Richard Lamm was sworn in as governor on Jan. 15, 1975, and almost his first act was to file an objection to the approval his predecessor had given Beaver Creek. "It is very clear that this is a lame duck type of action, precipitously done," said Lamm. Ten days later the U.S. Regional Forester for the area approved Beaver Creek's designation as a winter sports site, and Lamm countered by asking for a review of that decision. Two weeks later, on Feb. 11, 1975, the Sierra Club also requested a review.

Lamm points out that the bitterness and intensity of the opposition to Beaver Creek was based to some extent on conditions unique to the time. "We needed some rational way to deal with some 100 applications for ski areas that were pending at that time, some systematic way of having state input," he says. "In recent years, the economic climate has changed and most of those requests to build new areas have withered away."

But in 1975 the future of Beaver Creek was very much in doubt. There were arguments over virtually every aspect of the development: water supply, population density, air quality. Not until March 1976 was the area granted the essential Forest Service special-use permit, and even then some environmentalists were angered that it was given. The Environmental Defense Fund sharply criticized the Forest Service for not preparing a statement on a broader geographical basis that would have included Beaver Creek's environmental impact on the entire Upper Eagle Valley—an area that had been scarred with an unsightly sprawl of condominium town houses and apartments in recent years. The environmentalists were also very concerned because the ski area bordered on the proposed Holy Cross Wilderness Area, and they wanted a study on what the impact might be on wildlife there.

The battle was joined, but instead of attacking with anger and vindictiveness, Parker and Vail Associates embarked on an enlightened strategy of patience and forbearance. It was a time-consuming and costly approach that, despite its suc-

cess, is fraught with discouraging echoes for future Beaver Creeks.

Says Parker: "Quite simply, rather than fighting or habitually refuting the environmentalists' concerns, we made a concerted effort to demonstrate either that the negative impacts they predicted would not—could not—happen, or we came up with mitigations that corrected anything they felt would go wrong. Instead of bashing back and forth, letting our emotions guide us, we tried to answer their concerns reasonably. To do that, we had to have the facts."

Vail Associates had earlier hired the Rocky Mountain Center on Environment (ROMCOE) to produce some of the most detailed impact studies ever done. "We wanted to anticipate the environmental opposition, and the ROMCOE study gave us all the basic building blocks for understanding the ecology of the area," says Parker. "Then, for example, when the environmentalists came along and said, 'You're going to ruin the range for the elk herds,' we'd say, 'No, we're not,' and we had a precise and accurate statistical basis for saying so."

The impact study for Beaver Creek is a masterpiece of its type. It included voluminous information on how the ski resort would affect everything from bird migration to soil erosion, from the mating habits of elk to the preservation of some decrepit old pioneer cabins. It examined the effect of the ski area on water flow volumes in Beaver Creek and the Eagle River, on the life of fish and pollywogs and beavers there. It went so far as to measure the amount of air pollution that might be caused by smoke from fireplaces. The ROMCOE findings resulted in Vail Associates' promising that there would be a local ordinance requiring residents to snuff out their fireplace fires if smoke levels reached a point of irritation. Depending on air quality, Beaver Creek could be limited to as few as 1,000 fireplaces. The survey examined the possible impact of loose dogs on the elk, and Vail Associates proposed to implement strong leash laws—or, if that wasn't enough, to prohibit dogs from the place.

"We designed our surveys to avoid confrontation," says Parker. "And we thought up our own standards sometimes if we didn't think the environmentalists were tough enough. We wanted to head off all litigation; we wanted everyone to

continued

YOU DON'T GET TO BE THE BEST SELLING IMPORT IN MAINE, VERMONT AND ALASKA ON LOOKS ALONE.

It isn't just the mountains that are rugged in Maine. The driving conditions and the price of gas are no picnic either.

The same goes for Vermont. And certainly for Alaska.

That's why it's very, very interesting that in all three states the #1 imported car is Subaru.

Why? Our cars are dependable. Easy on gas. And easy to handle.

We make a full line of front wheel drive and On Demand 4-wheel drive vehicles that can handle almost anything.

And on top of being very affordable, they've earned a reputation for durability and reliability. Great to have no matter where you live.

In fact, even if you only see snow on television, wouldn't it be great to have a car that's over-qualified?



SUBARU
INEXPENSIVE. AND BUILT
TO STAY THAT WAY.



4WD WAGON

THE EPA ESTIMATES FOR OUR 4WD WAGON. USE ESTIMATED MPG FOR COMPARISONS. YOUR MILEAGE MAY DIFFER DEPENDING ON DRIVING SPEED, WEATHER CONDITIONS AND TRIP LENGTH. ACTUAL HIGHWAY MILEAGE WILL PROBABLY BE LESS.

©SUBARU OF AMERICA, INC. 1992



In 1934, this Model T-powered rope tow turned Gilbert's Hill, Vt. into U.S. sking's Kitty Hawk.

satisfied as possible. In the long run, we left them no substantial issues to pin an appeal on."

It cost a lot of money—the surveys, legal fees, engineering studies and analyses involving everything from transportation routes on the mountain to the visual impact of the ski area as seen from Interstate 70, the superhighway at the foot of Beaver Creek Valley. Vail Associates spent \$7,250,000 before any construction work began on the mountain.

It was probably worth it, because even opponents of the project now feel pretty good about how things worked out. Clif Merriat, executive director of the American Wilderness Alliance, says, "We're basically happy with what we got, and Vail Associates has been quite sensitive over the years to wilderness and environmental values."

"I think this is one of the best resorts in the world from an environmental standpoint," says Governor Lamm. "I'm disappointed they went back on the transportation plan we'd agreed on, but I understand the reasons." (The governor refers to the fact that in June 1977, after having gotten approval for Beaver Creek, Vail Associates summarily announced that, rather than entirely banning the use of private automobiles as had been proposed, it would permit the people who

rented or owned property in the village to enter with their cars—a change which Lamm at that time defined as a breach of contract. "We never planned to ban all vehicles," says Parker.)

By the time the Beaver Creek groundbreaking ceremony was held in July 1977, five years had passed since Vail Associates acquired the land. The construction of the first road up the mountain was to be completed the following summer, but it still wasn't clear skiing. Each additional step of the construction had to be preceded by another round of hearings and approvals by various federal, state, county and local agencies. In all, Beaver Creek had to receive 52 separate official stamps of approval. Some ski trails were finally cut in the summer and fall of 1979, and in the winter of 1980 the mountain was available via snowcats and trucks to a handful of VIP skiers. In April 1980 the first chair-lift tower was put up; all last summer the mountain was alive with the construction of everything from ski trails to sewage facilities.

Dean Kerling, the man in charge of designing Beaver Creek's trails, has used computerized projection drawings that display topographical characteristics and tree density to lay out the ski runs. "We're trying to fine-tune our design," says Kerling. "Trails used to be laid out like

stripes on a mountainside, harsh straight lines. Skiability was the first order of business; visual esthetics were beside the point. We're trying to break up the harshness, to soften the effects of our trails. We're leaving islands of trees in the middle of some. We've selected individually the trees we want to keep and those we'll drop. If we see a particularly beautiful aspen, we'll tie it with a ribbon, which means it has to be saved. We've even tied chicken wire around the base of some particularly good trees to save them from the beavers."

Beaver Creek will have an uncommon amount of glade skiing, which is the best kind available. As an unusual bonus for non-tree-skiing novices, the top of the mountain, with its stunning view of the Gore Mountain Range, will be given over almost totally to beginners' slopes. Kerling says that the mountain—which he refers to as "the product"—will be laid out so that roughly 30% of the slopes will be intermediate in difficulty, with the remaining 70% about evenly split between beginner and expert runs. "This is the best mix from a marketing standpoint," he explains.

The mix and the market of "the product" will be only mildly tested this winter, because the number of skiers will be limited to 3,300 a day. But still the mountain, which has a vertical drop of 3,340 feet, will at last be available to those skiers who are excited by the idea of trying the first major resort to open in five years—and possibly the last for some time to come. The trail names are unfamiliar, but they may soon become part of the sport's lore—classes that every skier will want to challenge at least once. The steepest are named after birds of prey—Golden Eagle, Goshawk and Peregrine, which is among the steepest and longest runs extant. The run called Centennial is a certified F.I.S. downhill course and, when not set for a race, is a good intermediate trail. The names of it and the other maddling trails are of historical or Western origin. There are also historical names for those beginners' runs at the top—Mystic Island, Booth Gardens, Shephorn.

It has been a long, long time coming, but finally Beaver Creek is with us; it will be around for a much longer time than it took to get it started. All in all, it was probably worth the wait.



If you enjoy Jack Daniels, drop us a line. We'd like to get to know you.

THE JACK DANIEL'S MILLER can spend whole afternoons just waiting for the right type of grain to come in.

What he needs is young, clean corn with no cracked cobs at a moisture count of under fourteen. And the surest way to get this kind is from farmers way off in Illinois. Of course, he grumbles a bit when these Illinois boys don't arrive on time. But they do have a good distance to come. And as long as their corn stays up to standard, our miller will always be waiting.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

●
DROP

●
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc. • Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361) Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government



SONY INTRODUCES A CASSETTE DECK FOR PEOPLE WHO WOULD ONLY CONSIDER REEL-TO-REEL.

Until now the superiority of reel-to-reel tape decks to cassette decks has gone unquestioned.

But Sony, renowned for its unique ability to perfect each link in the recording chain—microphones, motors, tape heads, even the tape itself—has just created the TC-K81. A cassette deck so advanced it delivers the kind of crisp, clear, unwavering sound reproduction you would only expect from reel-to-reel.

HEADS WITHOUT HEADACHES.

Just as in the best open reels, at the heart of the Sony TC-K81 cassette deck are three separate heads. One to erase, one to record and one to play back. This arrangement offers instantaneous "off-the-tape monitoring." Which means you can compare the quality of the recorded music to the quality of the original—while you're recording.

In addition, each head can be optimized for its own specific function.

Of course, fitting three heads into the tiny cassette shell openings, accurately, for years on end, is no small feat. Especially since the slightest alignment error can cause significant high-frequency loss. So to make sure you hear all the sound you're supposed to, Sony has created a major breakthrough in head design with a unique independent suspension system.

This remarkable system allows incredible precision and consistency in head alignment. And just as important, there's no longer the need for you to realign the heads from one tape to the next as in other cassette decks. Equally innovative is that only Sony uses heads that are a combination of Sendust and Ferrite. So you get the advantages of both, without the disadvantages of either.

TWO FUNCTIONS, TWO MOTORS.

Because tape-speed irregularities can affect your music, the K81 has two separate motors. One takes care of fast forward and rewind, while the other, combined with what we call "Closed-Loop Dual-Capstan Drive," moves the tape with absolute uniformity past the heads. There's no pulling, pushing or tugging.

This division of labor reduces the number of mechanical parts needed in the drive mechanism and virtually eliminates wow and flutter.

THE LAST WORD IN FINE TUNING.

All tape is not created equal. So the K81 features front-panel bias calibration controls. These allow the K81 to be hand-tailored in order to get the ideal high-frequency response out of each individual tape.

And to insure your recordings are made on a background of silence, free of annoying tape hiss, the K81 incorporates the Dolby® Noise Reduction System. But Sony goes one better with a foolproof record calibration device that insures the Dolby System will always work at its peak effectiveness.

Obviously we could fill pages on the technological advancements in the K81. Like the two 16-segment LED Peak Program Meters. Or the special "Auto-Space Record Mute" which allows you to blank out commercials and other interruptions.

But you don't have to understand all the circuitry to know what makes the K81 superior.

When it comes to high fidelity there's only one thing you have to know. And that's Sony.

SONY
High Fidelity

FEATURES AND SPECS: AF1000. Independent suspension drive head design with dual fully tape-wrap, membrane Metal tape recording and playback. Sendust and Ferrite record and play heads. Two-motor closed-loop dual-capstan tape drive. Microprocessor selected tape transport with state-of-the-art controls. Bias and record level calibration with built-in test tones. 16-segment LED Peak Program Meters. Auto-space record muting. Auto-play repeat capabilities. Optical remote control. Noise and Dither (WARM) 0.04% (1 frequency response control). 30 Hz-15 kHz, ± 1 dB. Signal-to-noise ratio (rated at 1 kHz) 60 dB (1500 Hz).

© 1980 Sony Industries, a division of Sony Corp. of America, 9 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019. Sony is a registered trademark of the Sony Corporation.

A third less tar than the leading filter 85



Longer, yet lighter

Pall Mall Light 100's	10 mg. tar 0.8 mg. nic.
Leading filter 85	16 mg. tar 1.1 mg. nic.
Lowest brand	less than 0.01 mg. tar 0.002 mg. nic.



PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

First Person

by JOHN HILDEBRAND

IN WHICH A SOLITARY SKIER TRAVERSES THE ICY REMAINS OF A GLACIAL EPOCH

A nameless range of hills runs across the U.S. from central Montana as far east as Long Island. Like a Great Wall whose origins lie in the distant past, this rim of earth outlines the farthest advance of the last great ice sheet of the Ice Age. Retreating north 10,000 years ago, the glaciers left behind a moraine, a belt of hills and hollows with Middle-Earth names like kettles and kames and eskers. Even in New York City one can see the imprint of glaciers on the ice-eroded rock outcroppings of Central Park. But the best place to track down the ice sheet is in Wisconsin, where the 1,000-mile Ice Age Trail follows the moraine across the state. And the best time to do so is in the dead of winter.

The Ice Age Trail was conceived in the mid-1950s, the brainchild of Ray Zillmer, a Milwaukee attorney. Zillmer had spent a lifetime hiking the moraine and was concerned about its gradual transformation into sand and gravel quarries and subdivided property. He proposed the creation of a national park stretching along the moraine from the shore of Lake Michigan, near Sturgeon Bay, Wis. to the banks of the St. Croix River on the Minnesota border. Not surprisingly, a National Park Service feasibility study concluded that the problems posed by a park two miles wide and 1,000 miles long were insurmountable.

In 1964, three years after Zillmer's death, a compromise bill was pushed through Congress by Henry S. Reuss (D., Wis.), an early supporter of the trail. The bill established a nine-unit Ice Age National Scientific Reserve, the first noncontiguous park ever proposed by the National Park Service, and authorized creation of a hiking trail that would follow the moraine, linking the Reserve units together like beads on a string.

A wall map in the office of Adam Cahow at the University of Wisconsin-Eau

Claire shows the progress of the Ice Age Trail in blue marking pen. There are noticeable gaps. Cahow, a geography professor and a member of the Ice Age Trail Council, has personally brushed the trail through northern Wisconsin. Most of it runs through public land, and where easements couldn't be obtained, the trail is routed to the nearest roadway and designated Ice Age Bicycle Trail.

But a 10-speed doesn't seem right for touring the remains of an ice sheet. I wanted to ski the moraine in winter when imagining glaciers of a bygone era would be easy. I asked Cahow to recommend a section of trail suitable for a four-day skiing-camping trip.

He pointed to a diagonal line running west to east across the Chequamegon National Forest in Taylor County, about dead center on the map.

"You couldn't ask for prettier or more varied terrain," he said. "At 40 miles, the Chequamegon is likely the longest wild stretch of trail we've laid out."

Cahow cautioned me that the trail

the snow would melt before I could begin. But it did not, and four days later Gil Tanner and I were driving north. Tanner, a former president of the Ice Age Trail Council, had invited me to ski a stretch of the trail with him to his cabin north of Bloomer. We had started in the late afternoon and now the light was fading.

"This is dead-ice moraine, formed after the ice quit moving," Tanner said. "The whole area is just full of ice-block lakes. Chunks of ice would break off the glacier and be covered by debris. When the ice melted, the ground settled into a depression and filled with water."

It was nearly dark when we parked at the trailhead, strapped on our skis and struck off down a sunken logging road. Gil led the way. A man in his late 50s with the frame and demeanor of a football coach, he scrambled up inclines on skinny skis, then descended blindly, his voice booming instructions in the darkness. "Watch it here! Look out!"

I was skiing, more or less by feel, my strides tentative and exploratory.

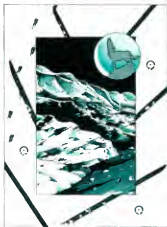
Gradually I began to suspect that Tanner, who was in fact the cartographer who had mapped the trail, didn't actually need to see his way.

A yellow light shone ahead in the woods, and I decided it was a lantern Tanner had set as a beacon in the window of his cabin. But as I skied on, the light grew enormous and rose at an angle through the treetops until it became a full moon. Shortly the trail was awash in moonlight, and Tanner was waiting ahead where the logging road gave way to snow-covered swamp.

"It's only been 11,000 years since the last glacier retreated here," he said. "The landforms are still fresh enough that you can imagine the ice sheet just north of here. In winter you don't have to imagine very hard."

We harnessed up a hogback ridge, sking along its spine to a tall stand of white pine where Tanner had built his A-frame. By now the moonlight was bright

enough to read by, but the inside of the cabin was dark and cold. We banged around blindly until Tanner lit a Coleman lantern and hung it from a loft beam. Then we brought in lengths of birch and poplar (as we call poplar out here), which Tanner shoved into the woodstove until



hadn't been designed primarily for cross-country skiing. "Travel slow, expect to run into steep slopes and sharp turns, don't expect to make good time," he said. "And January can be very cold."

The winter had been unseasonably warm, however, and I was worried that

continued

he had to lock the door to shut it. He doused the wood with white gas and fired it up.

Off came the parkies, sweaters and hats. Tanner put a coffeepot on the stove, then sat back, legs splayed out, basking in the radiant heat.

"My father bought this land for a woodlot back in 1932, at the bottom of the Depression," he said. "Paid a dollar an acre for it. We were burning wood for heat then, and my dad and I would drive up nearly every weekend in a Model A Ford pickup with a square-box bed and cut wood. There was an old guy living up here and he had a pair of horses that would help us snake the logs out of the woods to the road. I hated it."

We looked out the large triangular window and saw that the moon had climbed nearly to the roof peak, and I asked Tanner why he'd come back after so many years and built the cabin here.

"Because I find the land a lot more interesting knowing how and why it was formed," he said. "The ridge this cabin is built on is probably a crevasse-fill. As the glacier waned, meltwater poured into the crevasse, filling it with sediment, so that when the ice disappeared nothing remained but the ridge."

He seemed pleased with the glacier he had conjured up, placing us in its fissured depths. Despite the slight vertigo these sudden transitions caused, I envied Tanner's vision. He seemed to straddle the past and the present effortlessly, speaking of glacial epochs in the same breath that he spoke of his childhood, as if both had shaped his destiny equally.

On the second day of my cross-country trip through the Chequamegon, I skied alone. The temperature was -10° without wind, and the untracked powder spilled over my skis. Making turns was easy, but then a nice downhill chute would dead-end in a sunken creekbed or veer sharply at a 90-degree angle. The uphills were dishearteningly steep. Part of the problem was that I was towing too much gear on a homemade travois, a plastic sled attached to my hip belt by two fiber-glass wands. Hauling the travois uphill was like pulling a dead man.

Despite the extreme cold, I was sweating. Halfway up a steep incline, I had to remove my balachava helmet so my hair wouldn't become soaked and later freeze. Mittens were next. By removing or adding layers of clothing, I could adjust my body's thermostat to maintain a rough

equilibrium. Still, I was perspiring too much. To prevent dehydration, I took sips of lemonade from a plastic bottle that hung from a cord inside my sweater and windbreaker. By noon the lemonade had chilled to yellow slush.

At 1,400 feet the trail skirted the crest of a hill. The sky was clear and so permeated with sunlight that my eyes ached. From this height, the advantages of skiing the trail in winter became obvious. With the trees bare, the jumbled contours of the land and their glacial lineage can be easily read. In July I had hiked here with my family, leery of black-flies and woodticks and walking in what seemed to be a green tunnel. Now the view extended for miles north to the Perkiestown Lookout Tower and the range of rounded white hills ringing ice-covered lakes in hollows deep as craters.

This round wooded hill was, like many of the others, a kame—a hole formed in the glacier in which melting ice deposited the sand and gravel it carried to form an almost perfectly symmetrical mound. Because their slopes are so even, kames are often used for downhill skiing. With this in mind, I began my descent through a popple stand, hoping the sled wouldn't catch on a tree. The going was fast. In the hollow at the bottom of the hill, a diversity of animal tracks converged in what must be, during the hours of darkness, heavy traffic. The mooraine's up-and-down terrain fosters a wide range of vegetation and wildlife. One finds snowshoe hare tracks in the cedar swamps and on the hardwood ridges are the fanned wing marks of ruffed grouse.

When he laid out the Chequamegon section of the Ice Age Trail, Cahow drew a pencil line on a topographical map and hiked the route to see if it was workable.

"Many times, I'd find there was already a trail, a deer trail," he had told me. "Animals lay out trails along the contours of hills exactly as a person would to minimize slope and effort. They seek the path of least resistance."

Clearly there's a question as to whose trail this was, as for some time I'd been following fresh deer tracks, the heart-shaped hooves dragging through the snow in no particular hurry. Visible finally in a stand of hemlock, a pair of does gave me a last go-to-hell look before bounding away. I watched as their white tails flickered off into the pine swamp.

The trail crossed the South Fork of the

Yellow River on an ancient beaver dam with open water running at its edge. I broke off a piece of ice to suck on and, heading north, followed the yellow blaze marks on the trees, unsure whether the ridge I was striding along was an esker (a winding protrusion of sand and stone formed by deposits of sediment in the beds of streams that flowed through or beneath glaciers) or an abandoned railroad grade. Narrow-gauge railroads opened huge virgin forests of hemlock and white pine to logging in the 1890s. Before the forests were reduced to stumpage, they were frequented by Indian tribes and by trappers and missionaries. In 1661 Father René Ménard, a French Jesuit, was canoeing in this area when he stepped ashore to search for a portage route and was never seen again.

But if this ridge were an esker instead of a railroad grade, it is a considerably older hill of stone, having been formed by a subglacial stream 11,000 years ago. And against that long expanse, the gap between Father Ménard's passage and my own was slight indeed.

By five in the afternoon the sun was behind the hills and the cold seemed to rise from the ground. My tent was pitched in a hollow protected from the wind, and after changing into a down parka and booties I walked about gathering firewood feeling as insulated and alone as a moonwalker. Now came the best part of winter camping—replaying Jack London's short story, "To Build a Fire." Though I had a Svea stove in reserve to melt snow for water, a campfire would provide both warmth and companionship. Shoveling out a pit in the snow, I laid down curls of birchbark, then pine twigs, sticks and finally logs. My bare fingers fumbled with the match, but then the birchbark ignited in oily smoke and soon a fire was roaring. After a boil-in-the-bag supper, I fed the fire another log and myself some 90-proof brandy. It went down like liquid heat. The temperature was 15° below zero, and in the faint light of the moon, the snow had the bluish cast of glacial ice.

I awoke in dawn after a fitful sleep and fixed breakfast. The down-filled mummy bag had been warm but too constricting, and I awoke often during the night, not from the cold but from vivid dreams of live burial. Repacking the sled, I was off again, sking hard to warm up. The trail recrossed the Yellow River on a puncheon bridge and veered northeast

continued



EACH YEAR, Ewan Macdonald
gathers his clan, pours his
Scotch, and proposes his toast:
"Grant us brotherhood."

The gift of Dewar's.
One of the good things in life
that never varies.

The Dewar Highlander



GIFT WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA COST

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 & PROOF • © 1980 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y. N. Y.

Yes. There is a Santa Koss.



© 1990 Koss Corp.

■ Give the music lovers on your gift list a beautiful listening experience they'll always enjoy... Koss stereophones. One size fits all.

■ Give Koss and ye shall receive. Because Koss lets your music lover turn up the volume as high as he wants without turning everybody else off.

Find Koss Stereophones, Loudspeakers and K-40S Digital Delay System at your audio dealer. Write Dept. MKK for a free color catalogue.

KOSS stereophones/loudspeakers
hearing is believing™

KOSS CORPORATION 4229 N. Han Washington Ave. Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212 Facsimile Worldwide



When you help start a Scout troop, there's no guarantee one of the Scouts will grow up to hit 755 home runs.

But you never know.

For all the facts on how your organization can support a Scout troop, call Boy Scouts of America, The Eisenhower Aule, Egan Church of Louisville, Alabama and look what they're going to show for it.



FIRST PERSON continued

through a hardwood forest broken by flat-topped hills. Called perched lake plains, these truncated hills were once the bottoms of ice-walled lakes on the surface of the glacier. As the glacier melted, the lakes filled with sediment until only the lake bottom remained elevated.

Atop one of these hills, the wind chill became appreciable, as if the gusts were coming off the ice pack. I had become aware of a growing numbness in my left index finger where the wool lining of my mitten had worn thin. Removing the mitten, I stuck the finger in my mouth to revive it. It felt disconnected from the rest of my hand, like a lump of wax. Slowly, feeling returned in a wave of prickly pain, a sign that frostbite hadn't occurred.

By noon I'd covered perhaps four more miles of undulating trail. I set a lunch of venison sausage and cheese on a granite boulder, a souvenir of Canada's Laurentian Plateau that was carried along and laid down in this oak forest by a long-vanished glacier. Among the farms bordering the Chequamegon were smaller granite stones stockpiled along fence rows or set into the foundations of tottering barns.

The incongruity of such enormous rocks, called erratics in geologic terminology, existing far from their native bedrock, triggered a heated scientific debate in the last century. The most popular theory held that the boulders had been moved hither and thither by the Great Deluge of Noah. A variation of this idea was that icebergs had rafted the erratics about when the sea level had been much higher. But the most preposterous explanation, the most incredible, came from Louis Agassiz, a young Swiss naturalist, who told the Swiss Society of Natural Sciences in 1837 that all of Europe had been covered by a massive sheet of ice!

Agassiz was familiar with the effects of glaciers in the Swiss Alps and recognized ice-eroded landmarks far from the mountains. His explanation was that in an earlier time, glaciers had wandered far from their modern haunts in mountain redoubts. While not the first to propose glaciation as the mover of erratics, Agassiz gave the world its first look at the Ice Age.

Snow was falling as I made my last camp on an esker ridge overlooking the frozen Mondeaux Flowage. The light dusting didn't interfere with my fire building. The ice fishermen had all gone home, and I was thinking about how nice

continued



Mark Twain: "Thunder is good, thunder is impressive; but it is lightning that does the work."

When Mark Twain held forth at Klappoth's cafe, cigar in one hand, a glass of Old Crow in the other, one expected this kind of wit-filled conversation. Old Crow was so much a favorite of Twain's, he kept twenty-five barrels at the cafe.

OLD CROW

THE ORIGINAL SOUR MASH



For a 26" x 30" color lithograph of Mont Kroll's original painting "Mark Twain at Klappoth's Cafe," and \$29.95 for Old Crow Historical Print Order, P.O. Box 5451, Hicksville, New York 11803

**OLD CROW. THE PROUD TASTE
OF AMERICA SINCE 1835.**

You are what Money magazine is all about.

Your home.

From how to check out a house before you buy to which improvements pay off when you sell, cutting the cost of a paint job to refinancing your mortgage for quick cash!

Your car and

Which cars today keep their value best and the pros and cons of front-wheel drive...how the new models stack up and what mileage figures mean to you!

Your investments!

What the experts see ahead for the market...switching mutual funds to beat the market...real estate partnerships and funds...investing in paintings, antiques, stamps, rare books!

Your taxes and

From the right way to fight back against rising property taxes to middle-income tax shelters...states that tax you most and least...and what IRS auditors look for!

Your career.

To switch or not to switch careers...the perils and pleasures of owning a store or restaurant...do-your-own-thing careers...raising capital to start a business...

MONEY is the monthly magazine that tells you how you can live better on the money you've got.

MONEY is published by the same people who publish TIME, FORTUNE and LIFE magazines. So you can be sure it's filled with reliable, expert ad-



vice...and it's lively and readable, too!

A year of MONEY? Only \$19.95 for 12 issues! Just call the toll-free number below Or write MONEY, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

CALL 800-621-8200 TOLL-FREE.

(in Illinois, 800-972-8302)

FIRST PERSON *continued*

it would be to return here in the summer and fish for muskellunge.

How easily we accept the certainty of seasons, and feel assured that winter necessarily gives way to spring when seasonal change is in reality a constant struggle. What if, as occurred during the Pleistocene epoch, winter never left?

Pleistocene wasn't one interminable cold snap but four separate stages when winter won out over milder seasons and glaciers began to march. The most recent stage is called the Wisconsin because the ice sheet left its imprint so visibly in that state. But many scientists believe we are still in the Pleistocene, living in an interglacial lull.

"A surprisingly small reduction in temperature could start glaciers advancing again," Tanner had told me. "We're only talking about a 5° to 10° change in the mean annual temperature, say from 58° to 53°. Once a winter climate is established—if, for example, the snow doesn't melt one year—we're on our way to another ice age."

Even if the glaciers are coming, I'm not very anxious to buy that desert ranch in The Sunbelt. Winter offers its own rewards, and one of these is snow-camping. After the fire is made, dinner boiled and eaten, the woodpile and the last of the brandy loom ahead as the evening's entertainment. In the dark woods a coyote howls. Other coyotes join in until the night rings with their wailing. Heard alone on a winter's evening, the howling seems at once alarming and melancholy, like some primordial country music played on the listener's nerve endings.

The coyote and the black bear are the last vestiges of wildness in Wisconsin. But in the boreal forests near the ice sheet there were giants in the earth whose very names spoke of hugeness. Where are they now, the woolly mammoth and the mastodon? Gone slouching off to extinction while punier beasts survived on their cunning and wit, beasts like the coyote and man. In the long winters of the Ice Age, man acquired language, in a sense learned to be human. Surely another ice age wouldn't undo that.

In the morning I would ski across the lake to the end of the trail and return to living in a house and sleeping in a bed. But before I climbed into the tent for the last time, I finished the brandy and howled just a little, to show the coyotes I hadn't forgotten how.

END

Walt Garrison answers your questions about smokeless tobacco.

Q: Walt, just what is Moist Smokeless Tobacco?

A: It's just what it says: Tobacco you enjoy without lighting up.

Q: How do you use it?

A: First, you don't chew it. Just take a small pinch between your thumb and forefinger, put it between your cheek and gum, and leave it there. The tobacco will slowly release its great flavor to give you real tobacco satisfaction.

Q: Is it hard to use?

A: Not really. When you first try it, the tobacco may move around in your mouth more than it should, and your mouth may water a bit more than you're used to, but getting the hang of "going smokeless" is all part of the fun. In a couple of weeks you'll be a "pro."

Q: Is there a difference between the three most popular brands?

A: Sure... **HAPPY DAYS** is a mild, satisfying blend of mint-flavored tobacco, while **SKOAL** is full-bodied with the added good taste of wintergreen. **COPENHAGEN** is a stronger, natural blend of choice tobaccos.



All three are packed in convenient cans and each is dated for freshness.

Q: Is the date on the can the expiration date?

A: No, it's the date of manufacture. It's our way of letting you know how fresh and moist our tobacco is.

Q: How much does "Going Smokeless" cost?

A: An average user "dips" about 1½ cans per week, and that's about a dollar's worth. Not bad, when you think how much everything else costs these days.

Q: Do a lot of people use smokeless tobacco?

A: A lot more than you think. Last year we sold over 325 million cans. And more and more people from every part of the country are "going smokeless" all the time. (Even loose-leaf chewers are mixing it in with their brands for extra flavor.)

Q: Where can I buy it?

A: Ask for it at your favorite tobacco counter, or mail the coupon below and you'll get a free can of **HAPPY DAYS** to try.

Thanks a lot, Walt....

A pinch is all it takes!



SEND ME MY FREE CAN OF HAPPY DAYS.

Fill out and send to: "Smokeless Tobacco",
P.O. Box 2900, Dept. SI 027, Greenwich, Conn., 06830

Name and complete address must
appear on outside of envelope.

Name

Address

City

State

Zip Age

© 1980 U.S. Tobacco Company. Limited to one sampling per family. *OFFER NOT AVAILABLE TO MINORS.



**HBO PEOPLE
ARE GETTING
CLOSE
ENCOUNTERS OF
THE THIRD KIND
AND 20 OTHER
BIG HITS FOR LESS
THAN THE COST
OF TAKING THEIR
FAMILY TO
A SINGLE MOVIE.
WHAT ARE
YOU GETTING?**

Every month HBO people can sit in the comfort of their own home and see blockbuster movies like *Alien*, *The Rose*, *Meatballs*, *Starting Over* and lots more, with no cuts and no commercials. And they can see dazzling entertainment specials and exclusive sports, too. Don't you miss out on your close encounter with all this great entertainment. Call your local cable company or authorized HBO distributor and sign up for America's finest entertainment value.

**HBO PEOPLE
DON'T MISS OUT.**

HBO®
HOME BOX OFFICE®

HBO is available in areas served by cable TV and selected operations buildings and private residences. For more information, write: Home Box Office, Inc., Time Warner Cable, N.Y., N.Y. 10020
© 1980 Home Box Office, Inc.



**SEE A GREAT
MOVIE EVERY
MONTH ON HBO.
AT HOME.
FOR LESS THAN
THE COST OF
TAKING YOUR
FAMILY OUT
JUST ONCE.**

When you can get the latest hit movies every month, like *Grease*, *Moonraker*, *The Deer Hunter* and *Heaven Can Wait* in your own living room, you may never want to go out again. Especially since HBO gives them to you for less than the cost of taking your family to a single movie. So don't miss out. Call your local authorized HBO distributor today.

**HBO PEOPLE
DON'T MISS OUT.**

HBO
HOME BOX OFFICE

HBO is available in areas served by cable TV and selected apartment buildings and private residences. With HBO, Time Life Buys, N.Y., N.Y. 10020
©1987 Home Box Office, Inc.



Stand by your friends this Christmas.
E&J Brandy.

80 Proof Brandy E&J Distillers, Modesto, California

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 1-7

Compiled by CRAIG NELP

PRO BASKETBALL—While Milwaukee's season Marquis Johnson's left-right wing and back, Ben Warren (nose) and Bob Lanier (eye) watched in great confusion, the Bucks handed Boston its only loss of the week, 107-105. Thanks to 48 points from reserves James Bradstreet and Sidney Moncrief. When Bradstreet inadvertently contacted the Ben Johnson and Lanier came back to find Milwaukee's first 100-point victory, Indiana 102-100. A 104-94 defeat by the Knicks will let the Bucks face games instead of the second place Pacers and 101 on the third place Bulls in the Central Division. The Celtics, five games behind Philadelphia in the Atlantic, recovered from their loss to Miami by beating Detroit 101-83. Atlanta 106-101, with Robert Parish getting 33 points and 15 rebounds, and Dallas 97-87. The Mavericks, without star Isiah Thomas, lost 100-104 to Atlanta. The Hawks also repeated a streak, handing Philly its first defeat in 11 games, 112-108 in overtime with the help of John Drew's 39 points. The Stars won their other two games, knocking a season-high 17 shots in a 104-98 victory over the Knicks and beating Atlanta 106-100 in their second game. Phoenix, on top of the Pacific Division, won 435 games in 1979 and on over the Warriors, defeated Houston 117-114 and Milwaukee beating San Antonio 122-101 before a 101-100 loss to Kansas City. San Antonio's "on" game winning streak and 100-83 upset by New Jersey ended their winning streak. The Celtics, who scored 28 points in the K.C. victory, also had games of 42 and 39 points in their two games to 17.7 points per game. The Celtics, who scored 28 points in the K.C. victory, also had games of 42 and 39 points in their two games to 17.7 points per game. The Celtics, who scored 28 points in the K.C. victory, also had games of 42 and 39 points in their two games to 17.7 points per game.

BOXING—HILARIOUS ZAPATA stopped his WBC flyweight title with a split decision over Renato Bernas in Caracas, Venezuela.

THOMAS HEARNS successfully defended his WBA welterweight title by knocking out Luis Piment in the sixth round in Detroit.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—The University of Dayton beat Miami College 63-0 at Miami City. Also to win the NCAA Division III title.

PRO FOOTBALL—Philadelphia had a week of glory, but several notable quarterbacks did not. In the Giants' 40-0 victory over Pittsburgh, for example, Kicker Tom Bracco scored the game's only points while the Steelers' Terry Bradshaw threw three interceptions and had only 118 yards passing. Coupled with Cleveland's 17-14 win over the Jets, the loss left bad chemistry. Pittsburgh's playoff contention (page 25). A 30-yard field goal by Nick Mate-Mayer in overtime gave Buffalo a 10-7 victory over Los Angeles, which tells us an exciting-looking game. After Vince Ferragamo was knocked out of the game with a bruised rib, Pat Haden came in and threw an interception that Bill Sabin's team retained 43 yards for a touchdown. Although the 9-3 Rams remained likely to qualify for the playoffs, they fell two games behind Atlanta in the NFC West. The Falcons beat Philadelphia 23-17 on Tom Mackey's 37-yard field goal with seven seconds left. The Eagles' sole possession of first place on the NFC East was snatched from 19-13 over the Redskins to make Philly's 11-3 record. Oakland remained deadlocked with San Diego after the AFC West. The Chargers beating Buffalo 17-14 in the Redskins. Mark Moseley kicked four field goals for Washington and the Saints' NFL-leading pass defense pulled off four Dan Fouts passes. In the NFC Central, Minnesota took over first place by defeating the Bears 20-16 while the Lions won 26-21 to 50. Los Angeles in a late game 35-yard pass return. TD by the Cardinals. Roy Green. Cincinnati's Jay Briscoe was knocked out of action after a 26-yard field goal with 6:12 remaining to carry the Bengals past Baltimore 34-33. So was Billy Taylor, whose 30-yard touchdown run with 1:57 to play gave the Giants a 27-21 victory over Seattle. The Vikes needed an overtime field goal from Ray Wersching to beat New Orleans 18-15, while Chicago pounded the Packers from the opening drive in a 41-7 rout. The Bears' Walter Payton gained 130 yards to move past Larry Csonka into sixth place on the all-time NFL career rushing list with 6,178. Denver was downright steep in its two games, turning the

ball over 31 times in losses to Oakland 49-31 and Kansas City 19-14.

HOCKEY—Last Saturday's Islanders-Rangers game brought together four of the NHL's top five scorers, but it was Don Howe, with just three goals this season, whose two goals gave L.A. a 5-3 win. The victory moved Los Angeles into a second-place tie with the Islanders, one point behind the league-leading Flyers and one ahead of fourth-place St. Louis (page 38). The Kings also beat Hartford 5-2 and Vancouver 3-1. The latter was coming on Marcel Dionne's two assists and 40th career goal. For the Islanders, the loss to L.A. capped an up-and-down week. After Anders Kallne's hat trick and two assists paced them to a 7-3 victory over Quebec and Bob Roenke's pair of power-play goals were the highlights of a 5-1 win over the Rockies, the Isles had slipped past Philly into the NHL lead. Then a 4-3 loss to Colorado not only cost them first place but also ended their 15 game unbeaten streak. The Islanders' defeat in L.A. had even more cause for concern than the Flyers' surprising 4-2 loss to Detroit, which had been won in 11 starts. Philly's only other game was a 7-5 victory over Chicago. Redanville, too, was Pittsburgh's 3-2 win over the Canadiens in Montreal. The Penguins had gone 9-30-3 at the Forum since last beating the Canadiens there in 1967. Montreal had more success against Buffalo, winning 6-5 on four goals by Mark Napier, and against Boston, defeating the Bruins 41-10 and a four game home losing streak. One strong that week's hockey was Washington's win of its winning performance. With four defeats the Jets stood 6-17-3, five October 17.

MARATHON—TOSHIHIKO SEKO won the Fujiwara (Japan) Marathon in 2:09:45, finishing four seconds ahead of Takanishi Sot.

TENNIS—Czechoslovakia defeated Italy 4-1 to win the Davis Cup in Prague.

KIM WARWICK beat Fritz Borchert 6-2, 6-1, 6-2 in a \$175,000 tournament at Jalandstad, South Africa.

WENDY TURNBULL beat Pam Shriver 3-6, 6-4, 7-6 to win a \$125,000 tournament in Sydney, Australia.

MISPLACES—NAMED American League Rookie of the Year, Cleveland Outfielder JOE CHARBONNET, 25, who hit .309 with 25 home runs and 87 RBIs. Left-handed Pitcher STEVE MORA, 22, of the Dodgers was named the National League's rookie pitcher. He had 17 wins and a 2.65 ERA.

As Syracuse University football coach, DICK MACPHERSON, 50, who had a 45-36-1 record in Macpherson from 1971 to 1977 and has been head coach for the Cleveland Browns since 1978.

PLACED ON PROBATION For three years by the NCAA, because of recruiting, eligibility and other rule violations, the University of New Mexico basketball program. New Mexico must return to the NCAA \$34,000 a year from the 1978 national championship tournament and will be barred from postseason and possibly all televised appearances through the 1981-82 season.

RESIGNED Auburn Football Coach DOUG BARFIELD, 44, who guided the Tigers to a 5-4 record in 1980 and a 28-25-1 mark over five seasons.

SIGNED To a four-year \$3.15 million contract with the Aston, free agent Pitcher DON SLITTON, 35, a 230-game winner in 15 seasons with the Dodgers. He was 13-5 as a league-leading 21 ERA in 1980.

Free agent Catcher DARRYL PORTER, 26, to a five-year \$3.4 million contract with St. Louis. Porter hit .249 with 51 RBIs for Kansas City last season.

By California to a three-year contract reportedly worth \$1.25 million, pitcher JEFF ZAR, 26, who has averaged 13 wins per season since 1977.

DEED Former college basketball coach EDGIE HICK, 47, who won 475-310 record at Longhorn (1955-61), St. Louis (1961-68) and Memphis (1968-69) included male NFL and two M.A. tournament appearances, a basketball in Miss. Am.

Polish-born sprinter STELLA WALSH, 46, the winner of 17 A.A.U. titles and six U.S. titles, died of a gunshot wound suffered in a Cleveland training.

CREDITS

4—Brett Lander 33—Hans Krummer 35—John Krummer 36—Hans Krummer 37—Hans Krummer 38—Hans Krummer 39—Hans Krummer 40—Hans Krummer 41—Hans Krummer 42—Hans Krummer 43—Hans Krummer 44—Hans Krummer 45—Hans Krummer 46—Hans Krummer 47—Hans Krummer 48—Hans Krummer 49—Hans Krummer 50—Hans Krummer 51—Hans Krummer 52—Hans Krummer 53—Hans Krummer 54—Hans Krummer 55—Hans Krummer 56—Hans Krummer 57—Hans Krummer 58—Hans Krummer 59—Hans Krummer 60—Hans Krummer 61—Hans Krummer 62—Hans Krummer 63—Hans Krummer 64—Hans Krummer 65—Hans Krummer 66—Hans Krummer 67—Hans Krummer 68—Hans Krummer 69—Hans Krummer 70—Hans Krummer 71—Hans Krummer 72—Hans Krummer 73—Hans Krummer 74—Hans Krummer 75—Hans Krummer 76—Hans Krummer 77—Hans Krummer 78—Hans Krummer 79—Hans Krummer 80—Hans Krummer 81—Hans Krummer 82—Hans Krummer 83—Hans Krummer 84—Hans Krummer 85—Hans Krummer 86—Hans Krummer 87—Hans Krummer 88—Hans Krummer 89—Hans Krummer 90—Hans Krummer 91—Hans Krummer 92—Hans Krummer 93—Hans Krummer 94—Hans Krummer 95—Hans Krummer 96—Hans Krummer 97—Hans Krummer 98—Hans Krummer 99—Hans Krummer 100—Hans Krummer 101—Hans Krummer 102—Hans Krummer 103—Hans Krummer 104—Hans Krummer 105—Hans Krummer 106—Hans Krummer 107—Hans Krummer 108—Hans Krummer 109—Hans Krummer 110—Hans Krummer 111—Hans Krummer 112—Hans Krummer 113—Hans Krummer 114—Hans Krummer 115—Hans Krummer 116—Hans Krummer 117—Hans Krummer 118—Hans Krummer 119—Hans Krummer 120—Hans Krummer 121—Hans Krummer 122—Hans Krummer 123—Hans Krummer 124—Hans Krummer 125—Hans Krummer 126—Hans Krummer 127—Hans Krummer 128—Hans Krummer 129—Hans Krummer 130—Hans Krummer 131—Hans Krummer 132—Hans Krummer 133—Hans Krummer 134—Hans Krummer 135—Hans Krummer 136—Hans Krummer 137—Hans Krummer 138—Hans Krummer 139—Hans Krummer 140—Hans Krummer 141—Hans Krummer 142—Hans Krummer 143—Hans Krummer 144—Hans Krummer 145—Hans Krummer 146—Hans Krummer 147—Hans Krummer 148—Hans Krummer 149—Hans Krummer 150—Hans Krummer 151—Hans Krummer 152—Hans Krummer 153—Hans Krummer 154—Hans Krummer 155—Hans Krummer 156—Hans Krummer 157—Hans Krummer 158—Hans Krummer 159—Hans Krummer 160—Hans Krummer 161—Hans Krummer 162—Hans Krummer 163—Hans Krummer 164—Hans Krummer 165—Hans Krummer 166—Hans Krummer 167—Hans Krummer 168—Hans Krummer 169—Hans Krummer 170—Hans Krummer 171—Hans Krummer 172—Hans Krummer 173—Hans Krummer 174—Hans Krummer 175—Hans Krummer 176—Hans Krummer 177—Hans Krummer 178—Hans Krummer 179—Hans Krummer 180—Hans Krummer 181—Hans Krummer 182—Hans Krummer 183—Hans Krummer 184—Hans Krummer 185—Hans Krummer 186—Hans Krummer 187—Hans Krummer 188—Hans Krummer 189—Hans Krummer 190—Hans Krummer 191—Hans Krummer 192—Hans Krummer 193—Hans Krummer 194—Hans Krummer 195—Hans Krummer 196—Hans Krummer 197—Hans Krummer 198—Hans Krummer 199—Hans Krummer 200—Hans Krummer 201—Hans Krummer 202—Hans Krummer 203—Hans Krummer 204—Hans Krummer 205—Hans Krummer 206—Hans Krummer 207—Hans Krummer 208—Hans Krummer 209—Hans Krummer 210—Hans Krummer 211—Hans Krummer 212—Hans Krummer 213—Hans Krummer 214—Hans Krummer 215—Hans Krummer 216—Hans Krummer 217—Hans Krummer 218—Hans Krummer 219—Hans Krummer 220—Hans Krummer 221—Hans Krummer 222—Hans Krummer 223—Hans Krummer 224—Hans Krummer 225—Hans Krummer 226—Hans Krummer 227—Hans Krummer 228—Hans Krummer 229—Hans Krummer 230—Hans Krummer 231—Hans Krummer 232—Hans Krummer 233—Hans Krummer 234—Hans Krummer 235—Hans Krummer 236—Hans Krummer 237—Hans Krummer 238—Hans Krummer 239—Hans Krummer 240—Hans Krummer 241—Hans Krummer 242—Hans Krummer 243—Hans Krummer 244—Hans Krummer 245—Hans Krummer 246—Hans Krummer 247—Hans Krummer 248—Hans Krummer 249—Hans Krummer 250—Hans Krummer 251—Hans Krummer 252—Hans Krummer 253—Hans Krummer 254—Hans Krummer 255—Hans Krummer 256—Hans Krummer 257—Hans Krummer 258—Hans Krummer 259—Hans Krummer 260—Hans Krummer 261—Hans Krummer 262—Hans Krummer 263—Hans Krummer 264—Hans Krummer 265—Hans Krummer 266—Hans Krummer 267—Hans Krummer 268—Hans Krummer 269—Hans Krummer 270—Hans Krummer 271—Hans Krummer 272—Hans Krummer 273—Hans Krummer 274—Hans Krummer 275—Hans Krummer 276—Hans Krummer 277—Hans Krummer 278—Hans Krummer 279—Hans Krummer 280—Hans Krummer 281—Hans Krummer 282—Hans Krummer 283—Hans Krummer 284—Hans Krummer 285—Hans Krummer 286—Hans Krummer 287—Hans Krummer 288—Hans Krummer 289—Hans Krummer 290—Hans Krummer 291—Hans Krummer 292—Hans Krummer 293—Hans Krummer 294—Hans Krummer 295—Hans Krummer 296—Hans Krummer 297—Hans Krummer 298—Hans Krummer 299—Hans Krummer 300—Hans Krummer 301—Hans Krummer 302—Hans Krummer 303—Hans Krummer 304—Hans Krummer 305—Hans Krummer 306—Hans Krummer 307—Hans Krummer 308—Hans Krummer 309—Hans Krummer 310—Hans Krummer 311—Hans Krummer 312—Hans Krummer 313—Hans Krummer 314—Hans Krummer 315—Hans Krummer 316—Hans Krummer 317—Hans Krummer 318—Hans Krummer 319—Hans Krummer 320—Hans Krummer 321—Hans Krummer 322—Hans Krummer 323—Hans Krummer 324—Hans Krummer 325—Hans Krummer 326—Hans Krummer 327—Hans Krummer 328—Hans Krummer 329—Hans Krummer 330—Hans Krummer 331—Hans Krummer 332—Hans Krummer 333—Hans Krummer 334—Hans Krummer 335—Hans Krummer 336—Hans Krummer 337—Hans Krummer 338—Hans Krummer 339—Hans Krummer 340—Hans Krummer 341—Hans Krummer 342—Hans Krummer 343—Hans Krummer 344—Hans Krummer 345—Hans Krummer 346—Hans Krummer 347—Hans Krummer 348—Hans Krummer 349—Hans Krummer 350—Hans Krummer 351—Hans Krummer 352—Hans Krummer 353—Hans Krummer 354—Hans Krummer 355—Hans Krummer 356—Hans Krummer 357—Hans Krummer 358—Hans Krummer 359—Hans Krummer 360—Hans Krummer 361—Hans Krummer 362—Hans Krummer 363—Hans Krummer 364—Hans Krummer 365—Hans Krummer 366—Hans Krummer 367—Hans Krummer 368—Hans Krummer 369—Hans Krummer 370—Hans Krummer 371—Hans Krummer 372—Hans Krummer 373—Hans Krummer 374—Hans Krummer 375—Hans Krummer 376—Hans Krummer 377—Hans Krummer 378—Hans Krummer 379—Hans Krummer 380—Hans Krummer 381—Hans Krummer 382—Hans Krummer 383—Hans Krummer 384—Hans Krummer 385—Hans Krummer 386—Hans Krummer 387—Hans Krummer 388—Hans Krummer 389—Hans Krummer 390—Hans Krummer 391—Hans Krummer 392—Hans Krummer 393—Hans Krummer 394—Hans Krummer 395—Hans Krummer 396—Hans Krummer 397—Hans Krummer 398—Hans Krummer 399—Hans Krummer 400—Hans Krummer 401—Hans Krummer 402—Hans Krummer 403—Hans Krummer 404—Hans Krummer 405—Hans Krummer 406—Hans Krummer 407—Hans Krummer 408—Hans Krummer 409—Hans Krummer 410—Hans Krummer 411—Hans Krummer 412—Hans Krummer 413—Hans Krummer 414—Hans Krummer 415—Hans Krummer 416—Hans Krummer 417—Hans Krummer 418—Hans Krummer 419—Hans Krummer 420—Hans Krummer 421—Hans Krummer 422—Hans Krummer 423—Hans Krummer 424—Hans Krummer 425—Hans Krummer 426—Hans Krummer 427—Hans Krummer 428—Hans Krummer 429—Hans Krummer 430—Hans Krummer 431—Hans Krummer 432—Hans Krummer 433—Hans Krummer 434—Hans Krummer 435—Hans Krummer 436—Hans Krummer 437—Hans Krummer 438—Hans Krummer 439—Hans Krummer 440—Hans Krummer 441—Hans Krummer 442—Hans Krummer 443—Hans Krummer 444—Hans Krummer 445—Hans Krummer 446—Hans Krummer 447—Hans Krummer 448—Hans Krummer 449—Hans Krummer 450—Hans Krummer 451—Hans Krummer 452—Hans Krummer 453—Hans Krummer 454—Hans Krummer 455—Hans Krummer 456—Hans Krummer 457—Hans Krummer 458—Hans Krummer 459—Hans Krummer 460—Hans Krummer 461—Hans Krummer 462—Hans Krummer 463—Hans Krummer 464—Hans Krummer 465—Hans Krummer 466—Hans Krummer 467—Hans Krummer 468—Hans Krummer 469—Hans Krummer 470—Hans Krummer 471—Hans Krummer 472—Hans Krummer 473—Hans Krummer 474—Hans Krummer 475—Hans Krummer 476—Hans Krummer 477—Hans Krummer 478—Hans Krummer 479—Hans Krummer 480—Hans Krummer 481—Hans Krummer 482—Hans Krummer 483—Hans Krummer 484—Hans Krummer 485—Hans Krummer 486—Hans Krummer 487—Hans Krummer 488—Hans Krummer 489—Hans Krummer 490—Hans Krummer 491—Hans Krummer 492—Hans Krummer 493—Hans Krummer 494—Hans Krummer 495—Hans Krummer 496—Hans Krummer 497—Hans Krummer 498—Hans Krummer 499—Hans Krummer 500—Hans Krummer 501—Hans Krummer 502—Hans Krummer 503—Hans Krummer 504—Hans Krummer 505—Hans Krummer 506—Hans Krummer 507—Hans Krummer 508—Hans Krummer 509—Hans Krummer 510—Hans Krummer 511—Hans Krummer 512—Hans Krummer 513—Hans Krummer 514—Hans Krummer 515—Hans Krummer 516—Hans Krummer 517—Hans Krummer 518—Hans Krummer 519—Hans Krummer 520—Hans Krummer 521—Hans Krummer 522—Hans Krummer 523—Hans Krummer 524—Hans Krummer 525—Hans Krummer 526—Hans Krummer 527—Hans Krummer 528—Hans Krummer 529—Hans Krummer 530—Hans Krummer 531—Hans Krummer 532—Hans Krummer 533—Hans Krummer 534—Hans Krummer 535—Hans Krummer 536—Hans Krummer 537—Hans Krummer 538—Hans Krummer 539—Hans Krummer 540—Hans Krummer 541—Hans Krummer 542—Hans Krummer 543—Hans Krummer 544—Hans Krummer 545—Hans Krummer 546—Hans Krummer 547—Hans Krummer 548—Hans Krummer 549—Hans Krummer 550—Hans Krummer 551—Hans Krummer 552—Hans Krummer 553—Hans Krummer 554—Hans Krummer 555—Hans Krummer 556—Hans Krummer 557—Hans Krummer 558—Hans Krummer 559—Hans Krummer 560—Hans Krummer 561—Hans Krummer 562—Hans Krummer 563—Hans Krummer 564—Hans Krummer 565—Hans Krummer 566—Hans Krummer 567—Hans Krummer 568—Hans Krummer 569—Hans Krummer 570—Hans Krummer 571—Hans Krummer 572—Hans Krummer 573—Hans Krummer 574—Hans Krummer 575—Hans Krummer 576—Hans Krummer 577—Hans Krummer 578—Hans Krummer 579—Hans Krummer 580—Hans Krummer 581—Hans Krummer 582—Hans Krummer 583—Hans Krummer 584—Hans Krummer 585—Hans Krummer 586—Hans Krummer 587—Hans Krummer 588—Hans Krummer 589—Hans Krummer 590—Hans Krummer 591—Hans Krummer 592—Hans Krummer 593—Hans Krummer 594—Hans Krummer 595—Hans Krummer 596—Hans Krummer 597—Hans Krummer 598—Hans Krummer 599—Hans Krummer 600—Hans Krummer 601—Hans Krummer 602—Hans Krummer 603—Hans Krummer 604—Hans Krummer 605—Hans Krummer 606—Hans Krummer 607—Hans Krummer 608—Hans Krummer 609—Hans Krummer 610—Hans Krummer 611—Hans Krummer 612—Hans Krummer 613—Hans Krummer 614—Hans Krummer 615—Hans Krummer 616—Hans Krummer 617—Hans Krummer 618—Hans Krummer 619—Hans Krummer 620—Hans Krummer 621—Hans Krummer 622—Hans Krummer 623—Hans Krummer 624—Hans Krummer 625—Hans Krummer 626—Hans Krummer 627—Hans Krummer 628—Hans Krummer 629—Hans Krummer 630—Hans Krummer 631—Hans Krummer 632—Hans Krummer 633—Hans Krummer 634—Hans Krummer 635—Hans Krummer 636—Hans Krummer 637—Hans Krummer 638—Hans Krummer 639—Hans Krummer 640—Hans Krummer 641—Hans Krummer 642—Hans Krummer 643—Hans Krummer 644—Hans Krummer 645—Hans Krummer 646—Hans Krummer 647—Hans Krummer 648—Hans Krummer 649—Hans Krummer 650—Hans Krummer 651—Hans Krummer 652—Hans Krummer 653—Hans Krummer 654—Hans Krummer 655—Hans Krummer 656—Hans Krummer 657—Hans Krummer 658—Hans Krummer 659—Hans Krummer 660—Hans Krummer 661—Hans Krummer 662—Hans Krummer 663—Hans Krummer 664—Hans Krummer 665—Hans Krummer 666—Hans Krummer 667—Hans Krummer 668—Hans Krummer 669—Hans Krummer 670—Hans Krummer 671—Hans Krummer 672—Hans Krummer 673—Hans Krummer 674—Hans Krummer 675—Hans Krummer 676—Hans Krummer 677—Hans Krummer 678—Hans Krummer 679—Hans Krummer 680—Hans Krummer 681—Hans Krummer 682—Hans Krummer 683—Hans Krummer 684—Hans Krummer 685—Hans Krummer 686—Hans Krummer 687—Hans Krummer 688—Hans Krummer 689—Hans Krummer 690—Hans Krummer 691—Hans Krummer 692—Hans Krummer 693—Hans Krummer 694—Hans Krummer 695—Hans Krummer 696—Hans Krummer 697—Hans Krummer 698—Hans Krummer 699—Hans Krummer 700—Hans Krummer 701—Hans Krummer 702—Hans Krummer 703—Hans Krummer 704—Hans Krummer 705—Hans Krummer 706—Hans Krummer 707—Hans Krummer 708—Hans Krummer 709—Hans Krummer 710—Hans Krummer 711—Hans Krummer 712—Hans Krummer 713—Hans Krummer 714—Hans Krummer 715—Hans Krummer 716—Hans Krummer 717—Hans Krummer 718—Hans Krummer 719—Hans Krummer 720—Hans Krummer 721—Hans Krummer 722—Hans Krummer 723—Hans Krummer 724—Hans Krummer 725—Hans Krummer 726—Hans Krummer 727—Hans Krummer 728—Hans Krummer 729—Hans Krummer 730—Hans Krummer 731—Hans Krummer 732—Hans Krummer 733—Hans Krummer 734—Hans Krummer 735—Hans Krummer 736—Hans Krummer 737—Hans Krummer 738—Hans Krummer 739—Hans Krummer 740—Hans Krummer 741—Hans Krummer 742—Hans Krummer 743—Hans Krummer 744—Hans Krummer 745—Hans Krummer 746—Hans Krummer 747—Hans Krummer 748—Hans Krummer 749—Hans Krummer 750—Hans Krummer 751—Hans Krummer 752—Hans Krummer 753—Hans Krummer 754—Hans Krummer 755—Hans Krummer 756—Hans Krummer 757—Hans Krummer 758—Hans Krummer 759—Hans Krummer 760—Hans Krummer 761—Hans Krummer 762—Hans Krummer 763—Hans Krummer 764—Hans Krummer 765—Hans Krummer 766—Hans Krummer 767—Hans Krummer 768—Hans Krummer 769—Hans Krummer 770—Hans Krummer 771—Hans Krummer 772—Hans Krummer 773—Hans Krummer 774—Hans Krummer 775—Hans Krummer 776—Hans Krummer 777—Hans Krummer 778—Hans Krummer 779—Hans Krummer 780—Hans Krummer 781—Hans Krummer 782—Hans Krummer 783—Hans Krummer 784—Hans Krummer 785—Hans Krummer 786—Hans Krummer 787—Hans Krummer 788—Hans Krummer 789—Hans Krummer 790—Hans Krummer 791—Hans Krummer 792—Hans Krummer 793—Hans Krummer 794—Hans Krummer 795—Hans Krummer 796—Hans Krummer 797—Hans Krummer 798—Hans Krummer 799—Hans Krummer 800—Hans Krummer 801—Hans Krummer 802—Hans Krummer 803—Hans Krummer 804—Hans Krummer 805—Hans Krummer 806—Hans Krummer 807—Hans Krummer 808—Hans Krummer 809—Hans Krummer 810—Hans Krummer 811—Hans Krummer 812—Hans Krummer 813—Hans Krummer 814—Hans Krummer 815—Hans Krummer 816—Hans Krummer 817—Hans Krummer 818—Hans Krummer 819—Hans Krummer 820—Hans Krummer 821—Hans Krummer 822—Hans Krummer 823—Hans Krummer 824—Hans Krummer 825—Hans Krummer 826—Hans Krummer 827—Hans Krummer 828—Hans Krummer 829—Hans Krummer 830—Hans Krummer 831—Hans Krummer 832—Hans Krummer 833—Hans Krummer 834—Hans Krummer 835—Hans Krummer 836—Hans Krummer 837—Hans Krummer 838—Hans Krummer 839—Hans Krummer 840—Hans Krummer 841—Hans Krummer 842—Hans Krummer 843—Hans Krummer 844—Hans Krummer 845—Hans Krummer 846—Hans Krummer 847—Hans Krummer 848—Hans Krummer 849—Hans Krummer 850—Hans Krummer 851—Hans Krummer 852—Hans Krummer 853—Hans Krummer 854—Hans Krummer 855—Hans Krummer 856—Hans Krummer 857—Hans Krummer 858—Hans Krummer 859—Hans Krummer 860—Hans Krummer 861—Hans Krummer 862—Hans Krummer 863—Hans Krummer 864—Hans Krummer 865—Hans Krummer 866—Hans Krummer 867—Hans Krummer 868—Hans Krummer 869—Hans Krummer 870—Hans Krummer 871—Hans Krummer 872—Hans Krummer 873—Hans Krummer 874—Hans Krummer 875—Hans Krummer 876—Hans Krummer 877—Hans Krummer 878—Hans Krummer 879—Hans Krummer 880—Hans Krummer 881—Hans Krummer 882—Hans Krummer 883—Hans Krummer 884—Hans Krummer 885—Hans Krummer 886—Hans Krummer 887—Hans Krummer 888—Hans Krummer 889—Hans Krummer 890—Hans Krummer 891—Hans Krummer 892—Hans Krummer 893—Hans Krummer 894—Hans Krummer 895—Hans Krummer 896—Hans Krummer 897—Hans Krummer 898—Hans Krummer 899—Hans Krummer 900—Hans Krummer 901—Hans Krummer 902—Hans Krummer 903—Hans Krummer 904—Hans Krummer 905—Hans Krummer 906—Hans Krummer 907—Hans Krummer 908—Hans Krummer 909—Hans Krummer 910—Hans Krummer 911—Hans Krummer 912—Hans Krummer 913—Hans Krummer 914—Hans Krummer 915—Hans Krummer 916—Hans Krummer 917—Hans Krummer 918—Hans Krummer 919—Hans Krummer 920—Hans Krummer 921—Hans Krummer 922—Hans Krummer 923—Hans Krummer 924—Hans Krummer 925—Hans Krummer 926—Hans Krummer 927—Hans Krummer 928—Hans Krummer 929—Hans Krummer 930—Hans Krummer 931—Hans Krummer 932—Hans Krummer 933—Hans Krummer 934—Hans Krummer 935—Hans Krummer 936—Hans Krummer 937—Hans Krummer 938—Hans Krummer 939—Hans Krummer 940—Hans Krummer 941—Hans Krummer 942—Hans Krummer 943—Hans Krummer 944—Hans Krummer 945—Hans Krummer 946—Hans Krummer 947—Hans Krummer 948—Hans Krummer 949—Hans Krummer 950—Hans Krummer 951—Hans Krummer

SPIRITED RESPONSE

Sir:

A goopiofex of thanks for the magnificent cover on this year's College Basketball Issue [Dec. 1]. I shall frame it for my den.

HOWARD (RED) SAGE
Portland, Ore.

Sir:

I have been reading SI since 1958 and there have been many memorable covers, but none with the impact of "That Old School Spine." Photographer Racanue Rubenstein did a fantastic job.

MIKE CLORD
Indianapolis

Sir:

It's the best magazine cover I've ever seen.
TOMMY HICKS
Forest City, N.C.

Sir:

I'll bet you the price of a year's subscription that 99% of your readers would rather have an action photo of any one of the three players pictured on your cover.

GARY BLEVINS
Fort Worth

TOPPERS

Sir:

I loved your scouting reports on this season's Top 20 (Dec. 1). However, there are a few flaws. First, why is Virginia ranked only No. 8? Ralph Sampson will be even better than he was last year.

Second, DePaul is going to reassess itself as a great team, but in no way is it No. 1.

My predictions for the top three are: 1) Maryland, 2) DePaul and 3) Virginia.

DON SYLVESTER
Glen Burnie, Md.

Sir:

Once again you have refused to adequately recognize the University of Kentucky Wildcats, ranking them only third. Once again you will be proven wrong.

ROGER SMITH
Fairborn, Ohio

Sir:

UCLA will be No. 1 in '81.

TIM WISZOWATY
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir:

Missouri, Georgetown, LSU—yep, that's a real tough Top 20 you have this year. As usual, I guess you know best in not putting lowly North Carolina in this elite group. Judging by the caliber of the field and the results of the Great Alaska Shootout (*Hot Hand* in a Cold Climate, Dec. 8), I think you blew it.

JIM SNOW
Arden, N.C.

Sir:

Ask No. 14 LSU, which lost to the Razorbacks 86-76 in Alaska, and No. 30 Missouri, which was defeated 81-73. If Arkansas should have been in your preseason Top 20.

WILKS MARSHALL
Fayetteville, Ark.

Sir:

You included South Alabama and Bradley in your Top 20, but not Syracuse?

JOE MILCCA
Rome, N.Y.

Sir:

I am shocked that you left out the University of Connecticut.

RON HOLLEY
Southbury, Conn.

MENTOR

Sir:

Bill Gilbert's article on Georgetown Basketball Coach John Thompson (*The Gospel According to John*, Dec. 1) was beautifully done. It's a welcome relief to read of a college coach who is more concerned about his players getting a quality education than about their next opponent. I believe scandals like those that recently have hit some NCAA schools could be averted in the bad if more coaches would practice Thompson's methods of coaching and recruiting.

RICH JOSEPH
Jefferson City, Mo.

Sir:

John Thompson is the first college basketball coach I've read about who has his priorities in proper order. If I were a highly recruited high school basketball player, I would make Georgetown my first choice.

GORDON LIMPIN
Richmond Hill, N.Y.

Sir:

How could Bill Gilbert have failed to mention the deflated basketball that John Thompson keeps in his office? It has become his trademark. The message has been the same since 1972: when you no longer have basketball, be sure you have a degree.

JOHN MCNEULTY
Athletic Director
Brookway Area High School
Brookway, Pa.

CLASSIC BATTLE

Sir:

Your article on the Eagles-Raiders game was excellent (*Preview of Super Bowl XV*, Dec. 1). As for previewing the Super Bowl, maybe The Eagles are by far the best team in the NFL. But Oakland? No.

BRECHER T. BAKER
Silver Springs, Fla.

Sir:

I'm delighted to see Paul Zimmerman finally giving the Oakland Raiders credit for being a superior team, especially after making the outrageous prediction earlier this year that they would finish 7-9 (*Paul Zimmerman's Scouting Reports*, Sept. 8).

ED CLAYTON
Angwin, Calif.

Sir:

Upon examining the opening photograph of the Eagles-Raiders layout, I realized how right you were in stating that it was "a throwback to rock 'em, sock 'em days." It appears to me that No. 55 of the Raiders is being socked by one of those "clean" Eagles. Perhaps the Philadelphia player attended a Flyers game the night before.

FRANK MCNICHOLES
Glenview, Ill.

Sir:

I certainly agree with Paul Zimmerman that the Eagles-Raiders defensive battle was a classic. But I must say most fans would much rather see a game full of razzle-dazzle. The new passing rule allows for a more exciting offensive battle.

PAUL NEEDELMAN
Lido Beach, N.Y.

GOOD VIBES (CONT.)

Sir:

Jack McCallum hit my memory button with his funny article on Electric Football (*SHOWWALK*, Nov. 24). I remember playing the game at my home with star Syracuse Halfback Jim Brown—who showed more excitement and emotion over the electric game than he ever did in the real game—and with Syracuse's former coach, the great Ben Schwartzwalder. Like Darrell Royal and Woody Hayes, Ben hated to put the ball in the air on Saturday afternoons—and with runners like Brown, Ernie Davis, Floyd Little, Larry Csonka and Jim Nance, he rarely had to. Ben lost a few real games, but he was undefeated in Electric Football. How did he win? By mastering the difficult, patience-drawing execution of a springman forward pass?

BILL RAFF
Fayetteville, N.Y.

Sir:

Jack McCallum's *SHOWWALK* was a masterpiece. However, he failed to mention Electric Football's "automatic timer." Mine sometimes took well over two hours to tick off a quarter of game time, and when conditions were just right, the clock would actually go backward.

MIKE BERGLUND
Kansas City, Mo.

continued

THE COST TRAP IN HEALTH CARE COVERAGE.

Only looking at a small piece of the problem can lead to a big mistake.



Everybody wants to control health care coverage costs. But sometimes executives can make a costly error.

THE PROBLEM.

You see, the cost of health care protection has two basic parts. The cost of benefits, and retention costs (everything from administrative costs to risk charges).

Some purchasers are caught in a trap by concentrating only on retention costs, which generally are only between 5 and 10% of the total health care coverage bill.

They forget that the really big savings come from holding down benefit costs, which usually make up 90 to 95% of what you spend for health care protection.

THE SOLUTION.

That's why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans pioneered the development and use of cost containment programs to control and manage benefit costs.

And Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans are the only ones whose operations are broad enough to deal with the problem effectively.

IT'S ALREADY WORKING.

Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans often have special arrangements with hospitals and physicians supporting a wide range of cost containment initiatives. This means value added and lower benefit costs to enrolled groups.

In fact, over the last decade, our programs have helped cut the actual hospital stay by an average of one full day. And saved \$1,250,000,000 last year alone.

So, before you make a decision about your group's coverage, contact your Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plan Marketing Representative. He can keep costs from trapping you.

Or write for the free booklet: *"The Most Effective Health Care Protection For Your Employees," Blue Cross and Blue Shield Associations, Box 8008, Chicago, Illinois 60680.*



90 to 95% OF YOUR HEALTH CARE DOLLAR USUALLY GOES TO BENEFIT COSTS. AND THAT'S WHERE WE CAN MAKE THE BIGGEST DIFFERENCE.



Blue Cross.
Blue Shield.

HELPING CONTROL ALL YOUR COSTS.

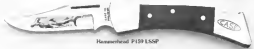
Case Sharks.



Shark Tooth P197 LSSP



Make P158 LSSP



Hammerhead P159 LSSP

These three Case Sharks are considered by experts to be among the finest lockblade knives made anywhere — at any price.

More than 150 hand operations go into the making of each knife. For

quality you can see and feel. Brass liners and bolsters give them greater strength. For a lifetime of hard use, Case Sharks can handle any job you can put to a knife.



The world's finest cutlery.
W. B. Case & Sons Cutlery Co., Westport, N.Y.

Ready for Mt. St. Helens, Hurricane Allen, Love Canal.

Red Cross: Ready for a new century.



A Public Service of This Magazine & The Advertising Council



19TH HOLE continued

NOMINATIONS

Sir:

For Sportsman of the Year I nominate Tom Osborne, head football coach at Nebraska. He turns out good teams every year, but even when they lose he and his players always show sportsmanship.

PHILIP RILEY JR.
Creighton, Neb.

Sir:

I nominate the heart and soul of the 1980 World Champion Philadelphia Phillies. Tug McGraw.

ALLAN ROSSE
Hershey, Pa.

Sir:

Steve Carlton.

RICK SWENSON
Chatham, N.J.

Sir:

Some people have named George Brett, John McEnroe and Magic Johnson, but I say it has to be Larry Holmes.

PHILIP CALLAHAN
Bennington, Vt.

Sir:

Sugar Ray Leonard.

ERIK FARDETTE
Cypress, Calif.

Sir:

Earl Campbell. Who else?

BRADLEY GARDNER
Fort Worth

Sir:

Bum Phillips.

JEFF BARGAR
Fremont, Neb.

Sir:

Julius Erving.

WILLIAM ORNDORFF
Strasburg, Va.

Sir:

Greta Waitz.

DAVID CORR
Middletown, R.I.

Sir:

Ilgemar Siemmark.

W. A. SCHREINK
Darien, Conn.

Sir:

Steve Carlton, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Brian Borg, Jack Nicklaus, Tom Watson, Eric Heiden, John McEnroe, George Brett and Chris Evert Lloyd are all worthy candidates. But no American will ever forget the pride that rippled through each one of us as we watched the U.S. Olympic hockey team.

JOHN P. LISTON
Tampa

Sir:

Eric and Beth Heiden.

M. AND P. VANDENBERG
Madison, Wis.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.



WHISKY COUNTRY

JOHNNIE WALKER

3 of 4 Smokers Choose Merit.

**High tars take back seat to MERIT technology
in tests comparing taste and tar levels.**

There's a low tar cigarette that's challenging high tar smoking—and winning.

The cigarette: MERIT.

High Tars Finish Second

Latest research proves smokers prefer MERIT.

Blind Taste Tests: In tests where brand identity was concealed, a significant majority of smokers rated the taste of low tar MERIT as good as—or better than—leading

high tar brands. Even cigarettes having twice the tar!

Smoker Preference: Among the 95% of smokers stating a preference, the MERIT low tar/good taste combination was favored 3 to 1 over high tar leaders when tar levels were revealed!

MERIT is the proven alternative to high tar smoking. And you can taste it.



© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's Reg.: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
100's Ment.: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec/79

MERIT
Kings & 100's